

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

Vols. I., II., and III. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, 21s. per volume, bound in green cloth, gilt edges; or in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

* On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. III. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

The Defacement of Exmoor.

THE matter which will come before the Light Railway Commissioners at their sitting at Minehead on August 8th is one of more than common interest, for not only does it raise the question as to how far the Commissioners are justified in allowing a railway to spoil those peculiarities of natural beauty and facilities for splendid sport and recreation upon which the general prosperity of a district largely depends, in deference to the alleged agricultural convenience of a small portion of that district, but it raises also the more important question whether the Light Railways Act was ever intended to allow a syndicate of strangers, for their own pecuniary advantage, to force a light railway, twenty miles in length, on an unwilling and loudly protesting neighbourhood.

The facts are peculiar, and deserve attention. A syndicate consisting, with one exception, of Welshmen, and acting, it is commonly believed, in the interests of railways in South Wales, project a railway starting from Minehead, traversing the lovely undulating country to Porlock, whence it will climb to the skirts of Exmoor, and have its terminus in the wooded slope above Lynmouth. At the same time there is started a scheme for a pier at Minehead, to which no one could object if it stood alone; and the same syndicate, or some of them, are financing the pier. The two schemes are, in fact, one, and the scarcely veiled object is to run excursion trains and steamers from Penarth so as to land the Welsh miners for cheap excursions on Exmoor. As may be imagined, the scheme meets with the fiercest opposition from every land-owner, with the solitary exception of Mr. Luttrell, of Dunster, whose property cannot be injured by the line, while the pier at Minehead will undoubtedly be of great advantage to him.

The injury to the country will be incalculable, for the line will cut through the lovely Porlock Woods from end to end, it will be taken across combe after combe, by embankment or viaduct, and finally, and perhaps the greatest outrage of all, it will cut up those glorious rock-bound slopes lying between Countisbury and Lynmouth on which every visitor to Lynton feasts his eyes each morning and evening. It is designed even to plant a station just above the far-famed Watersmeet. No wonder that the lovers of the beautiful are up in arms, and that no effort will be wanting to frustrate the endeavour.

There is another side to the question which will appeal strongly to many of our readers. Stag-hunting on Exmoor is a unique sport, carried on as it has been for hundreds of years, to the great delight of thousands and to the pecuniary advantage of two counties. The best authorities believe that if this railway be made, stag-hunting is doomed. The first six miles of the line will not affect the hunting seriously, but after leaving Porlock the line will traverse miles and miles of the best coverts in the hunt, and will cut off others from the open moor. It is a well-known fact that deer will not, save in the last extremity, cross a railway. The consequence will be to deprive the hunt of some thousands of acres of strong holding covert much beloved of the older stags. Those coverts past which the line will run are on the edge of the cream of Exmoor, and only a few miles from the Doone Valley and the Deer Park. It is in the hope of getting gallops over this line that visitors come in their hundreds to Exmoor and spend their money in thousands; and if the deer forsake these coverts good-bye to the moorland gallops and good-bye to the visitors and their money. This would be a severe blow to the farmers in the district, and would far outweigh any slight advantage they might obtain from the railway. The pretext of helping the poor farmers on the hills is a hollow one. After leaving the valley below Porlock there is only a belt of cultivated land about a mile or more wide, lying at an altitude of over 800ft., between the sea and the wilds of Exmoor, and we may take it that it is not for the benefit of the fifteen or twenty farmers in this district, nearly all of whom are opposing the railway, that these philanthropic Welshmen are prepared to risk their money. No! The object of the railway is to convert Exmoor into a playground for the Rhondda Valley. Fortunately, the County Councils, both of Devon and Somerset, are opposing, and it is hard to believe that Lord Jersey and his colleagues will sanction a scheme of such a monstrous nature; one, moreover, which cannot by any reasonable person be said to come within the intention of Parliament when they passed the Act for facilitating light railways. We have written in the future tense with the object of emphasising the imminence of the danger; but we have too much confidence in the good sense of Lord Jersey and his associates, and in their proper regard for public opinion, to believe that they will really assent to this projected act of sacrilege.

Smokeless Powders.

IN a week or two now the comparative merits of various sporting explosives will regain that position of practical importance which they have not enjoyed in the United Kingdom since January came to an end. St. Grouse is on our heads, St. Partridge is drawing near, and then the sound of guns will become familiar on moor, in the open and in covert later. In these circumstances peculiar interest attaches to the trials of the Kynoch smokeless powder which were made at the Lion Works, Witton, Birmingham, on the 27th of July, in the presence of a special correspondent of COUNTRY LIFE. There is so much to be said with regard to the undoubted merits of this explosive, which is now placed on the market after years of test and experiment, that it is in no sense invidious to draw a distinction between the merits which are claimed for it on the basis of the experience of the firm and those which it has been proved by public experiment to possess. With the latter we will deal first. The powder, which is in hard round waterproof grains of a reddish-brown colour, is a "bulk" powder. That is to say, the normal charge of 42gr. occupies the same space as 3dr. of black powder. Ordinary loading machines are therefore available, and the sportsman who likes to load his own cartridges—it is always a comfort to know that there are still men who have so much leisure—need not fear that in giving it a trial he will incur the expense of new machines. The residual fouling is very slight, and, being merely alkaline, does not cause that rapid erosion of the barrel which is the curse of Cordite. The special trials were made with a choke-bore gun, of No. 12 barrel, the charge being 42gr. of powder and 1½oz. of No. 6 Walker Parker shot; and the results of ten shots, both in the way of muzzle velocity and pattern, were excellent; moreover the pressures per square inch were remarkably even. On the ten shots the mean muzzle velocity was 1,291.7ft. per second, and the 46yds. pattern, inside a 30-in. circle, was 195.9, varying between 159, a shot far less successful than any other, and 221. These facts alone suffice to show that we have here a first-rate

sporting powder amply meriting a trial. More than that we cannot say, for sportsmen are justly cautious, and require to be convinced personally of the merits of every new invention. Other merits claimed by the firm for their powder are that it is safe for use after having been kept for several seasons, in which case it differs most happily from several powders of our acquaintance, and that it is not injuriously affected by hot climates. The reputation of the firm stands high, and for ourselves we accept the statements without hesitation; but upon this point confidence will be more general when the experience of Indian and African sportsmen has been recorded.



THE writer of the article on the Elcho Shield groups in our last issue desires to offer an apology and an explanation in respect of an error made in describing the English group. He was writing from notes, the pictures being in the hands of the artistic artificers, and had omitted to note Captain the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, the central standing figure in the English group. As Captain Fremantle would be the last man in the world to make a complaint, it is only due to him that the error should be pointed out voluntarily. There is no better shot. He was in the Eton Eight many years ago, he twice won the Wimbledon Cup at 1,100yds., he has twice been in the final stage for the Queen's Prize, twice won the Dudley, three times the Curtis and Harvey, and has shot for England many times. He is also the author of a very interesting and complete book, "Notes on the Rifle," published by Messrs. Vinton.

Mr. Wickham Flower, in the course of a welcome and complimentary letter on our first article on Great Tangley Manor points to two minor errors which we correct gladly. The grant to John de Fay was made about A.D. 1200, not 1173, and the precise date at which the new rooms were added by Mr. Webb was 1894, not 1897. The errors in no way detract from the merits of the article, but the series partakes of a permanent character, and we are always glad to correct even the most trifling error.

The Ben Nevis Observatory is not absolutely doomed, and, since excellent work has been accomplished in it during the past fifteen years, it is to be hoped that the threatened doom may be averted. Briefly stated, the position is this—the State grants £15,300 a year, which is not a great sum considering the substantial value of the results secured, to the Meteorological Society. The Society grants £350 annually, a very trifling sum, to the Scottish Meteorological Society, and the Society finds the remaining moneys necessary for Ben Nevis. Both the State grant and the allotment to the Scottish Society are inadequate, and ought to be increased. It is the flippant fashion to make a mock of meteorologists, but in truth they have discovered much of late years, and both farmers and seafaring men would do well to attend to them more carefully. Of all positions in Great Britain Ben Nevis is the best; it were a pity that it should be relinquished as a well-equipped station.

The law is full of oddities. For example, pictures may be landscapes, but they are certainly not land; yet, when it was desired to obtain leave to sell the Hope collection of eighty-three pictures, an application had to be made to Mr. Justice Romer under the Settled Land Act. Then, before he knew where he was, the luckless judge found himself drawn into law-breaking. First one counsel, then another, played the part of broker, and the bids rose fast, until at last Romer J. realised that he was in the position of an auctioneer, without a hammer indeed, but also without a licence. Shocked and startled, he referred the matter to Chambers, where, after brisk competition, the "little lot" went to Mr. Wertheimer for £121,550—a very nice sum, and £16,550 better than the price which the Court was asked to sanction originally.

A correspondent writes: "The ancient garden of the Apothecaries' Society on Chelsea Embankment has, thanks to the Charity Commission, been saved for the present; but inasmuch as it may be threatened again, particularly if erroneous statements concerning it go uncontradicted, and since it is one

of the most picturesque of the remaining pieces of Old Chelsea, I hope you will permit a sentence or two to appear about it. The *Daily Mail* says: 'The gardens are somewhat difficult to find, being enclosed within very high brick walls, and in close proximity to a most unpicturesque jam factory which spreads round them.' As a fact, the walls are fine old brick walls of normal 'garden' height, crowned with creepers and climbing trees, and they do not surround the garden, but border it on three sides. On the embankment side are iron railings and a holly hedge. Then the jam factory does not spread round the garden, or even abut upon it, nor is the jam factory to be seen from it or from the public road, since the factory is completely screened from view by the vine-clad houses of Swan Walk. The garden may be 'a medicinal fairy-land'; it certainly shows plants in a thriving state; and it is a paradise of birds. Wood-pigeons, thrushes, blackbirds, titmice, and starlings have certainly bred there this year, and the choir of birds has been as merry there all spring and summer as in the country itself."

The Surrey County Council, goaded to desperation by beanfeasters armed with horns, concertinas, trombones, and, worst of all, with raucous voices, have resolved to make a firm stand. Esher, Sutton, and a score of localities in Surrey besides, are rendered intolerable by cacophonous excursionists who come in bands, and yell and drive away, and the General Purposes Committee is to bring up a bye-law to prohibit "the playing of horns or other alleged musical instruments within 100yds. of a dwelling-house, such regulation, however, not to apply to any properly organised procession for a religious or charitable purpose." May the Surrey Council flourish in its enterprise! If it succeeds it will really help even the beanfeaster to true enjoyment. But why these exceptions? Corybantic Christianity and charitable appeals by way of brass band are every whit as objectionable as compositors or factory hands in chorus. All alike tend to profanity and exasperation. They are regular Carthages. They ought to be abolished.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember the description some months ago of the matchless collection of Hackney ponies to be seen at Mr. Alfred S. Day's Berkeley Stud, near Crewe. We are now sorry to hear that the whole of these are being brought to the hammer, though as Mr. Day is retaining four fillies (a foal, a yearling, a two year old, and a three year old), we hope that he has no intention of giving up breeding. It is a pity that everyone who has a sale does not issue such a complete and well-got-up programme as the one we have just received from this stud. In addition to an excellent portrait of that wonderful pony stallion, Berkeley Model, the father of the stud, which appears on the front page, those of the three stallions, Berkeley Adonis, Lord Berkeley, and Daneroyal, are to be seen on the back page, whilst there is also a very useful little map showing the railway connection of Crewe with all the most important places in England, together with full details of the train service. The sale takes place on Wednesday next.

In yacht-racing history is rapidly repeating itself, and in the larger classes we are drifting back to the mixed races of twenty years ago. At the present time there are only two cutters of the largest class in commission, namely, the Duc d'Abruzzi's Bona and Mr. C. D. Rose's Aurora, while the remainder of the fleet of big yachts is made up of two yawls, Mr. F. B. Jameson's Ailsa and Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's Satanita, and the new schooner, Rainbow, the property of Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, M.P. Britannia, which has recently been purchased by Mr. D. Cooper, of Newmarket, will also be converted into a yawl, it is said, so this rig will shortly predominate. From an ordinary spectator's point of view mixed rig races are not so interesting to watch as those matches which are confined to yachts of one rig only, for in the former case the competing vessels usually get very much separated during a contest, and therefore a great deal of the excitement is lost. Capital sport, however, was enjoyed by owners in the old days before cutter racing became fashionable, while in the near future quite a battle of the rigs may be expected.

A particularly attractive feature in the Bala pointer and setter trials is that the dogs are tried on grouse, a distinct advantage to those required for service on the moors a few days hence. It therefore is rather difficult to account for the absence of many of the best supporters of these contests at those held last week on Sir Watkin Wynn's moors. One reason may be that few sportsmen can stand a strain for four days in succession, for so rough is the ground that conveyances were on one or two days of little use after the main roads had been left, and none were sorry when the last brace were called in each evening. No man present stood the work better than Sir Watkin Wynn, who set sportsmen a grand example by working his own dogs, and with great success. All sportsmen were glad to see Major Millner, of the K.R.R., as good a man at setters as with a rifle, back in his place.

Effects and causes are proverbially difficult to link together; the man who lays an agricultural drain-pipe away up on a bit of marshy moorland, and so improves the pasture for his sheep, is not likely to think that he is affecting the happiness of a man who is standing on the bank of a river twenty miles away, flicking at the water with a salmon-fly. Yet it seems that there is a direct causal connection between the two. "Things are not as good as they used to be," that is the universal croon on the river's bank; and when people try to think out the reasons for this deterioration, one of the first causes that is apt to suggest itself, except in the case of the very big rivers, is the surface drainage of the lands from which the river is more or less supplied. It is, of course, the springs that are the real life of the river, but it is the surface drainage that supplies the spates, and it is the spates that are of real interest to the salmon, and so, indirectly, to the salmon fisher.

A very good instance in point is that of the Bush River, in the North of Ireland, that runs out close to the Giant's Causeway. It is not a big river, although it supplies all the water for the Bush Mills whisky, and it is a peculiarly good river to take as a type, because it is very likely the only salmon river in the world that is in the hands of the same proprietor from source to mouth. In old days, ten or fifteen years ago, the number of salmon caught in it was very large. The individual salmon were small, but they made up by their numbers for the lack of weight in their units; and the game little salmon gave uncommonly good sport. They give good sport still, but in far fewer numbers, and the cause is commonly admitted to be the surface drainage of the land. In old days, before the agricultural pipe was laid, or the ditch cut, the water ran off slowly, giving a fairly steady flow of the coloured water to the sea, whence the salmon would come up rejoicing. But now the water all runs fast off into the river; the river comes down in great volume, the salmon rush incontinently up; but the spate fails as suddenly as it began, the river runs low, and the salmon find themselves left high and dry, or floundering in shallow pools. Such is the account of the comparative failure in the supply of salmon given by the local Bush men, and it is hard to doubt its general accuracy.

The name of Mr. John Van Voorst may not be very familiar to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, but it is to him, in so far as a publisher has to do with the production of great works, that we owe much of our familiarity with many country things. Mr. Van Voorst was the original publisher of "Yarrell's Fishes," which was followed two years later by the same author's perhaps better known "Birds," while in the year between was published from the same house "Bell's Quadrupeds." Many other works on the different branches of natural history issued from the same publishing house. Mr. Van Voorst retired in 1886, and has just died at a very advanced age, for he was born no later in the century than 1804, of a Dutch family settled in England.

Some recent notes that have been sent us seem to prove very conclusively that thundery conditions of weather, as has long been supposed, are bad for the hatching out of young chicks. It is one thing to know this, and another thing to be able to find out the remedy. We cannot but think, however, that if science were to apply itself seriously to this end, of neutralising the ill effects of too much electricity in the atmosphere, it might give us some assistance. It is not to be thought that it could, by its subtlest inventions, "clear the air" generally for us; but it does not seem inconceivable that it might invent a means of reducing to a minimum the thundery conditions of our dairies, where the milk goes sour, and the cellars, where the same thing happens to the beer in barrel. Probably it is too much to ask of science that it should counteract the effects of the thunder on our heads, our livers, and our tempers. But one never knows; it is a "wonderful century." Possibly it is chiefly the heat, that commonly comes with the thunder, that has most to do with the sourness of everything, tempers included, but it seems that something strained in the electrical conditions has its effect, too, over and above the heat.

We seem to be terribly "verminous persons," to use language that is strictly Parliamentary, this year. Not only are our important crops, our corn and our hops, devoured by a multitude of insect pests, but the harmful and unnecessary greenfly that attacks our rose trees is in evidence in overwhelming numbers. Life in the garden seems a constant war with the aphides, whose battalions are so big. No doubt the mildness of the past winter is much to blame for the numbers of the vermin, but to speculate about the cause is not to find the cure.

Another singular and annoying feature of this year's gardening is that the roses, though flowering well enough, seem apt to pass away so curiously quickly. One day the flower spreads out from the bud, and the next it is over-blown, spent,

its beauty gone. We do not expect our roses to be *immortelles*, but we do expect their bloom to give us pleasure for a day or two, and in most years we are not disappointed. But this season it seems as if they were ephemeral, their life but a day's span; and again we are inclined to think that the drought, causing their proper nourishment to fail them, must be the reason. There is also a cause for the comparative failure and delicacy of some of the more tender kinds in the abnormal coldness of the nights. In parts of so southern a county even as Kent the minimum thermometer has very recently shown a record only just above the freezing point.

Dr. Wallace has written interestingly of the Wonderful Century, of its failures, no less than its successes; and we can find a certain analogy to the century in the singular successes and failures of this present season. The chief failure has been the failure of rain, leading many others in its train, e.g., failure of the cherry crop, of early strawberries, of more things than it is pleasant to recount. The imminent failure before us just now is that of the root crop, for the roots can never swell to a respectable size unless they have some fluid to help them. Mercifully we seem to be spared much plague of turnip fly. But the successes have been no less noteworthy. To speak only of the wild things—the wild flowers have been in a profusion, and of a depth of colour, that have scarcely ever been matched. In Devonshire, even the dog violets have been of a real violet blue, instead of the pale washed-out mauve that is their normal complexion. Primroses have everywhere been very abundant and long-lived, and wild roses have been ubiquitously beautiful. And never does there seem to have been such good promise for nutting, and for blackberrying. The nuts are already well formed of good size, though not yet coloured, and the blackberry bloom is smothering every thicket. All this we may perhaps put down, with gratitude, to the credit of our mild winter.

Harvest will soon be upon us. Already in the Southern Counties one sees fields of oats in shock, and by next Monday harvesting operations will have become general all over the country. It is always wise to cut oats rather green, for if this is neglected the top corn may be lost during high winds. Sheaf-binders are now coming generally into use. Many improvements have been made in them during the past few years, and now no up-to-date farmer is without them.

The perfection of the sheaf-binder has about completed the cycle of the invention of agricultural machinery which began with Jethro Tull's corn-drill. The only application of machinery to farming which has not come up to the expectations formed of it has been that of steam cultivation. Somehow, steam cultivation, as applied to ordinary farming and ordinary-sized farms, has not been a success. The only really practical scheme has been that of two engines placed one at each end of the field, which draw the implement backwards and forwards. But this means heavy and expensive engines and plant, which can only be used in dry weather, and the cost of which are beyond the reach of the ordinary tenant farmer.

It is rather curious that no one has yet turned his attention to the application of electricity as a motive power for steam cultivation. The implement has to be dragged to and fro by a rope, which is wound on a windlass fixed at each end of the field. At present the windlass is part of the engines, but in the early days of steam cultivation there were systems worked by a stationary engine, which failed owing to the enormous loss of power caused by the length of the hauling rope. Why can it not be possible to have a windlass at each end of the field driven by a dynamo, to which power is transmitted by an electric wire? Every farmer knows the advantage of steam cultivation, especially in the autumn, when large breadths of land can be cultivated in the hot months of August and September and the weeds destroyed.

The corn markets have remained weak during the past few days. The new American crop is being got in, and reports show that it is rather above the average. The opinion as to the outlook is shown by the forward quotations for wheat, which is quoted at about 3s. a quarter for October delivery. If English wheat is not rushed to market in large quantities at the beginning of the cereal year, English farmers may, however, look for fair prices.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece represents Lady Gilmour, wife of Sir John Gilmour, first Baronet, of Montrave, Leven, Fifeshire. Lady Gilmour did not change her name on marriage, for she is the daughter of Mr. David Gilmour, of Quebec.



"THE new order cometh and the old passeth away." That was the burden of the old man's song that he sang in *setto voce*, grumbling to the swathes of thin grass that fell weakly from his weakly-wielded scythe. It was not exactly in these words that he sang it, but the sense was precisely to this effect. His observations were put into a more concrete form: "It baint no manner of use—the way mun makes t' hay nowadays—baint no manner of use at all. Seasons baint the same, as they was when I was a boy—boys baint the same nuther. Baint no manner of use at all—things tossing about the hay that way. Baint no way to compare with the turning of it over with a good pick."

So sang THE OLD MAN grumbling, with full privilege of his senility, as he snipped off a few grass blades at a time with the extreme end of his scythe. He was doing not a mite of good—and the bitter thing to him was that in a vague way he realised it—thus snipping as one might do with a pair of scissors. Out in the next field, as he could see by shading the sun from his dim old eyes, and could hear, by forming a trumpet of his horny hand for his dull old ear, His GRANDSON with a horse and machine was doing more work in five minutes than he would do all the day long. It is true that the grandson himself cost as much in wages as he had ever earned when he was in his prime. That was another sign of the times—that wages had gone up so greatly. It was a bad sign, showing, in company with many another formidable argument, how out of joint were the times; for, though the young fellows of the present day earned more wages, it was very certain that their worth was nothing like what the worth of the young fellows of his own day had been. And then, besides the boy's wages, there was the cost of the machine, and the cost and keep of the horse, to count up. But, counting up all these, which the old man was wont to put at the very highest figure, it still remained certain that the farmer got a deal more for his money out of the boy and the horse and

machine than he did get, or ever had got, out of the old man picking about with his scythe. The old man knew it. For the life of him he would not have confessed it to any man. On the contrary, he was for ever inveighing against this use of machinery and the payment of high wages to "a parcel of rubbishy boys." This was the note in which the song of his lamentation was couched; but that which gave its shrillness and its telling quality to his lamentation was the knowledge that, after all, the farmer was right and he was wrong, the world was right and he was wrong, progress was right and his old obstructive self was wrong, the world had advanced since he was a potent factor in making it go round, and he felt that he was left behind. That was the pity of it all, and the reason that he was not altogether a contented old man—a grumbler, though kind enough, no doubt, of heart.



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THE OLD MAN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

And, after all, there has been some little substance in his grumbling, so far as this year is concerned, about the season; for, though it has been an excellent hay crop, tall and thick, and coming on top of an open winter, so that folks have not used up a deal of their old stacks yet, and hay ought to be cheap for a while to come—yet, in spite of all these blessings, it does not need to be a man whom the world has gone past to find occasion for much grumbling, for never has there been so wintry a summer—a summer in which there has been so little sun to burn the cheeks of the cherries, or so little warm rain to swell

them out to a becoming figure, nor, finally, a summer in which, though the glass be high, the hay has been so loth to "make," and so long in "making," by reason of perpetual cloud drifts coming up on the east wind and shutting out the sun's kindly face. And there has been blight on the hops and the wheat, and lots of occasion and excuse for grumbling.

In his young days, and in the days of his middle life, when the part of the country of which he was a natural product began to be invaded by the new demons of horse machines and steam machines, then he had been perilously near the verge of being a Luddite—a law-breaker, a machine smasher. In his heart he had been all this, and out of the hot meditations of his heart words had risen to his lips that had better have been left unsaid, and some had been spoken in the Dog and Fox, over an



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HIS GRANDSON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

extra mug of ale, with a violence that had led a weak-headed young man, who was qualifying for the post of village idiot, into breaking up a garden mowing machine belonging to the vicar, which had never cut anything more serious than a three-inch grass blade in its life. The weak-headed youth went to the lock-up for a day or two, and came out with his natural qualifications rather strengthened; and that had been the sum total of the old man's contribution towards working out his country's salvation by the methods of the iconoclast. Luckily there is a long space, in all well-constituted natures such as his, between a spirit of law-breaking in the heart and an act of law-breaking with the hands.

He was long past all these acts of belligerency now, contenting himself and solacing himself with his muttered grumbling, and even confessing in his softer moments to a certain grudging admiration of one of the engines of modern hay-making. It was the only one that could extort even this moderate degree of commendation from him—THE ELEVATOR, on which the hay was tossed off the waggon, and which carried it, actually "making" as it went, to the top of the rick. It was kept in constant motion by the circumvagations of the old horse that could do the round and round work unassisted, and almost in its sleep, and the old man could see the whole of the operation in process, so that there was nothing "whisht"—mysterious and uncanny—about it, as there was in the machine mowers and



Copyright

THE ELEVATOR.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

tossers that had so many complicated organs that no man could dissect them all and understand their uses, unless he, too, were of the new school of magicians.

And at that moment to him, having so far carried his comparisons between the present and the past, there came a shout from his stalwart son in the field to his left. The son was seated on one of these demoniacal engines, drawn by two horses, and cutting a broad swathe of hay at each step

of the well-matched pair. But this was not an unimpeded champaign that they had to go over now. There were trees standing up from the billowing sea of grass, so that the field had a fine park-like aspect. But this aspect, fine though it was, did not favour the progress of the machine, which had to be guided carefully past and between the tree stems. So his son shouted to him, knowing the pleasure it would give him, and realising, too, that the old man for a moment might be of much real use: "Here, father, here's a job for 'ee. Come here."

So off the old man hobbled, to pick with his scythe point round the tree stems, and to grumble to himself:—"Ees fai' then. That's how it is. 'Tis all well enough when there's no difficulty 'bout it. 'Tis the old man as they 'm bound for come to when there's a difficult job about. 'Tis so, sure enough."

And off he goes, chuckling with much delight and very just pride.



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A JOB FOR THE SCYTHE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Driving a Pair.—Hints for Ladies.

IT has been said that "driving a pair is the same as driving single, *only more so*," and certainly if you drive one horse well, a little attention to a few details will make you quite as expert with two.

To begin with, hold your reins and whip as usual, but remember, more force is required in guiding, stopping, or turning a pair, and the reins are necessarily heavier and more tiring. In turning, give more time and room. Two horses coming round a sharp corner, or turning completely round, must not be hurried, or you will snap your pole, neither must you try to turn in as small a space as you would were the same vehicle harnessed to one horse.

Then, again, you must take longer in pulling up, and altogether put more grip into your driving. Most carriages will nowadays lock, *i.e.*, turn round

in a very small space, the front wheels locking underneath the fore part of the carriage; but you might be condemned to drive in an old-fashioned carriage which takes a great deal of room in which to turn. If so, the only thing I can say is, "remember the fact, and give plenty of room, or unpleasant surprises may arise." With regard to your whip (a lady's stumbling-block, as a rule)—hit the right horse; don't punish one horse for the sins of the other; don't, when hitting your near-side horse, give the other a taste of the whip *en route*—do it so that it is known only to the offender, not letting the lash make a swish through the air which both horses can hear. Do not give all the hitting to the off-side horse because it is easier, but try and find out if the horses are working unequally, and if they are, remind the lazy one of it.

Concerning your carriage and pair. It is a very common practice to drive either single or double in the same carriage; a very good arrangement, too, if the single animal is altogether bigger and stronger than those who form the pair. On the face of it, it is absurd to imagine that a vehicle suitable for one animal of a certain size can possibly look well with two of the same size; either it must be much too broad and heavy for one, or too small, in proportion, for two. A carriage, to look well, must be dragged by horses of the size the coach-builder had in his eye when he designed it; and the horses in it must be a "pair," and not merely two horses harnessed together. From the funny assorted pairs one sees, it is evident that the owners consider that "colour" and height are the only points of resemblance necessary. Of course, colour is a great thing, and so is height, but neither will make two horses a pair. It is obvious that a long low animal, with good shoulders and short legs, is not likely to have the same action or stride as one which, though measuring the same height at the withers, is a short, square-built horse of altogether different shape. To go well, and to look well, the pair must be of the same stamp, built on the same lines, and with similar action; and, if possible, of the same temperament. It is misery driving a very free horse with one that is slow, and a very high-couraged, nervous animal has a bad time of it if condemned to go alongside a slug. Of course people, as often as not, put in double harness any two drudges they may happen to have; but I am speaking of a pair as it should be. Having got your horses and your vehicle, see that they fit each other, that the pole is long and the bar wide enough for safety and appearance. Get someone to drive your horses past you, so that you can make sure that when trotting, turning, and backing their hind feet escape touching the front wheels. When going on the level, the pole chains (or leathers) ought to be rather slack; if too tight there will be a continual strain on the horses' withers and the pole, and if too loose the fore part of the carriage will jerk up and down uncomfortably. The harness for a pair differs considerably from that for a single horse. The traces fasten round rollers on the carriage, and as the horses hold back the carriage entirely by the pole, there are no breechings. The pole chains are fastened to the lower part of the collars, which are kept from being pulled off the horses' shoulders by breastplates, which go between the fore legs to the girths of the pad. The reins require very careful adjustment, as they are rather complicated. They are merely an ordinary pair of reins, with two additional rather longer lengths buckled on about 18 in. from where you hold them; so there are four ends. One of the shorter ends is buckled to the near side of the near horse's bit, as in ordinary single harness; the longer end goes through the terrets on his pad and collar, but then goes across and is fastened to the other horse's bit. The off-side horse has the short length on his off side, and the other end goes through his terrets, and then across to the near horse; so

when the reins are in your hand, with your *left* rein you have hold of the near side of each horse, and *vice versa*. Needless to say, the reins are fastened only when the horses are brought each side of the pole, when the extreme ends have also to be buckled together. The reins that cross from horse to horse are called coupling reins, and can be lengthened and shortened at your pleasure by the buckles near your hands. If, when your horses are standing still, looking straight in front of them, you, by gently pulling at the reins, can feel both sides of each horse's mouth, they are adjusted right. If, on the contrary, when you pull, the horses both turn their heads in towards the pole, your coupling reins are too short, and if they turn their heads outwards they are too long. How often one sees a pair being driven with their heads nearly touching each other, and their hind quarters pulling away from the pole; or the other extreme, their heads being pulled away from the pole. One is as bad as the other, but both can be easily remedied. Horses ought to go quite straight, with their heads parallel with the pole. Many coachmen drive with their horses' inner traces a hole shorter than the others. Perhaps if the horses are inclined to pull away from the pole it may be a good plan, not otherwise. If one horse jerks his head about much it is a common practice, for the purpose of steadying him, to put his coupling rein *below* the other where it crosses, but it is at the expense of the other horse's mouth, and is rather hard luck for him; I should put it *ab. v.*

If you are starting a new turn-out, choose a carriage in which you sit well above and close to your horses. Often ladies are condemned to drive from low-seated long phaetons, from which they can have no control over their horses, and are by no means masters of the situation. In choosing a set of harness, go to a really good maker, and avoid any eccentricities in the way of extra ornamentation, brass pole-chains, or such horrors. Get your whip as light as you like, but please do not let it be a white one, or even worse, with a parasol attached. Let your servant be quietly and suitably dressed. Don't attempt boots and breeches if your circumstances or his nether limbs will not permit them to be really good. A man looks far better in a neat pair of black trousers than in ill-cut drab breeches, and short wrinkled boots with impossible tops; and remember his tall hat ought to be *black*, not of that peculiar rusty brown so often seen.

You must not play tricks with a pair of horses. It's only in three-volume novels that you hear of a pair being tied up to a bush!

Mount the box either with the reins in your hand, and someone at the horses' heads, or get up and take the reins from someone already on the box; and in alighting, let the servant (or whoever is going to hold the horses) mount the box and take the reins from you. It is always better for one (or two) horses to be held by someone in the carriage, instead of at their heads. B. G.



AS it is my privilege to inaugurate a new departure in COUNTRY LIFE, I trust that my apologies will be accepted for indulging in a few personal observations in introducing myself to my readers. When writing for this paper I shall have a comparatively easy task in one respect—I can localise the circumstances of my readers. In advising general readers on matters of dress, household management, hygiene, and other subjects, the writer is often troubled by having to adapt the advice to suit various circumstances. Here I shall be able to locate my readers—I know that I have to address country house people, and that I need not aim at satisfying severely economical households, nor at suiting the ultra-wealthy, who do not want to be suited, because they are in the happy position of paying a high salary to a cook—probably from Paris—who has to produce brilliant results or seek occupation elsewhere, and a housekeeper and butler who are likewise infallibly proficient in their respective departments.

My aim will be to relieve the monotony which characterises many a country house table (in spite of a well-paid cook), without affecting extravagance as regards the ingredients, and to point out how in many ways an establishment can be more efficiently and effectively managed without additional, often worthless, expense. In venturing to advise others on household management in general, and cookery in particular, I do so with a clear conscience. I am writing about what I have carefully studied, not only from books, but from practical experience at home, and by taking ideas from good foreign restaurants and private houses where the cuisine is beyond the ordinary standard. In the matter of general household management I have learnt much from my observations of cause and effect.

POINTS ABOUT PICNICS.

I cannot think of a more suitable subject for the moment;

but it will not be my fault if by the time these lines appear "the rain it raineth every day." There are many kinds of picnics, and it is impossible to deal with them all in one article. The very simple impromptu, rough-and-ready affair, which is such a delight to children and often to other folk, can be left to look after itself. The elaborate banquet which is called a picnic because it happens to have been packed in baskets, may be left to the care of the specialist. I have in my mind a reasonable kind of picnic which the average cook can prepare, and at which none can turn up their metaphorical noses.

Here are some suggestions:—

SAVOURY PIGEON PIE.

Cut about a pound and a-half of tender fillet of beef into small square pieces, and take the meat from four pigeons, cutting it into pieces of a convenient size. Melt 2oz. of butter in a stew-pan, put in the meats, and scatter over them half a teaspoonful of minced onion and two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley; season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and simmer for 15 min., stirring occasionally, and then turn on to a plate to cool. Place a layer of the beef at the bottom of a pie-dish, and scatter it with some cooked tongue and hard-boiled egg (both cut into dice-shaped pieces), then some minced truffles and champignons, and cover with pieces of pigeon; add more beef and tongue, etc., then another layer of pigeon, and when the dish is full pour in some highly-seasoned gelatinous stock; cover with puff paste, glaze with beaten egg, and bake in a moderately hot oven from two to two and a-half hours.

JELLIED VEAL CAKE.

Cut some fillet of veal (raw) into thin slices, and then into small square pieces. Take some thin slices of cooked ham of the same size as the veal, and spread them with a farce composed of 2oz. of panada, 3oz. of raw veal (which has been passed through a mincing machine), six champignons, finely chopped, a little minced parsley and shallot, one large tablespoonful of thick bechamel sauce, pepper and salt to taste, and a well-beaten egg; pound until smooth, and use. Roll up the slices of ham, and envelop each in a piece of veal; secure the rolls with fine white string, and pack them into a stew-pan of suitable size; cover them with some veal stock which has been flavoured with vegetables and a wineglassful of sherry, and stew them very slowly for two hours.

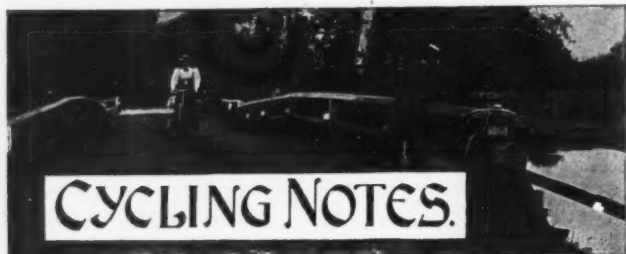
and a-half. Remove the meat, and strain the stock into a basin. When it is cold take off the fat, then boil it up, add a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, a few drops of carmine, and sufficient gelatine to make it set firmly; clarify it or not, as may be necessary. Decorate a plain round mould with slices of hard-boiled egg and macedoine vegetables, then fill with the veal rolls, and pour in the prepared stock, which should be cold, but not set. Should the weather be very hot, it would be advisable to place the mould on ice for a little while before turning out the veal cake at the picnic.

LOBSTER RISSELETTES.

Put half a pint of milk into a saucepan with half a small shallot, a little piece of mace, half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, a thin slice of lemon-peel, and a few sprigs of parsley; season with celery, salt, and cayenne, and simmer all together for 12 min. Cook 2oz. of butter and 2oz. of flour together for 6 min. without allowing the mixture to acquire any colour, then strain the milk into it gradually, stirring quickly all the time. Let the sauce boil up, and pour into a basin (strain if it is not perfectly smooth); add sufficient carmine to make it salmon-pink, and then add the meat of a large lobster which has been passed through a mincing machine; mix thoroughly, and spread on a plate to cool. Take a small portion of the mixture at a time, and with floured hands roll it up into balls. Wrap each in thin puff paste, taking care to retain the shape, dip into beaten egg, and then into finely-broken vermicelli and bread-crumbs, mixed in equal quantities, and fry in a bath of boiling fat until the pastry is a golden colour.

CHICKEN AND SWEETBREAD PATTIES.

Pass half a pound of cooked chicken and 2oz. of tongue through a mincing machine and pound with 1oz. of butter until quite smooth; season with salt, pepper, and cayenne, and moisten with two or three tablespoonfuls of thick, well-flavoured bechamel sauce, and add a large teaspoonful of sherry. Cut some rounds of puff paste (one-eighth of an inch thick) with a zin.



"WHEN should lamps be lit?" is a question which is being somewhat furiously debated just now; that is to say, what interpretation is to be placed upon the wording of the clause in the Local Government Act which requires a cyclist to carry a lighted lamp "during the period between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise"? The natural inference, of course, is that sunset and sunrise refer to the rising and setting of the sun at any given place, and there must be considerable variations, therefore, in the time for lighting up, because of the inclination of the earth's axis. But some people are never content until they can place an occult interpretation on something which to ordinary folk is expressed with sufficient plainness, and a gentleman has written to the papers to point out that the Statutes (Definition of Time) Act, 1880, provides that whenever an expression of time occurs in any Act of Parliament, deed, or legal instrument, the time referred to shall, unless it is otherwise specifically stated, be held in Great Britain to be Greenwich mean time, and, in Ireland, Dublin mean time. This gentleman thereupon professes to have effectually overthrown the contention of those who point to the absurdity of enforcing Greenwich time upon all other parts of the country.

It just so happens, however, that his contention can be bowled over in an even more summary fashion than he imagines himself to have meted out to those who take an opposite view. As a matter of fact, there is no time

plain cutter, brush over the surface with a little beaten egg, and put a small portion of the chicken farce on the centre of each round; make a hole in the farce and put in some foie gras cut into dice; smooth the farce over and cover evenly with another round of the paste of the same size and thickness as the under piece; press the rounds together with the top of a one and a-half inch cutter; brush over with egg, and bake the patties in a quick oven.

CHARLOTTE OF CHERRIES.

Line a plain Charlotte mould entirely with sponge finger biscuits, cutting them so as to fix them evenly in the mould. Then fill it with a cherry cream made according to the directions given below, and place on ice or in a cool larder until it is set. For the cream, make three-quarters of a pint of stiff lemon jelly, colour it red, and put it into a stew-pan with a pound of cherries, and let them simmer until they are tender. Carefully remove the stones from the fruit, add a liqueur glass of maraschino, and when the jelly is cold, but not set, stir in half a pint of whipped cream. Pour into the lined mould as soon as the cream shows signs of becoming firm at the edges. Apricot Charlotte can be made in the same way, but in this case the fruit should be cut into quarters, and the jelly should be made yellow instead of red.

ITALIAN SANDWICHES.

Roll out some puff paste to about the sixth of an inch in thickness, and with a small fluted cutter stamp it out into rounds. Blanch and pound 3oz. of sweet almonds with a little rose-water until they form a soft paste; add 3oz. of very finely-powdered sugar, and then the whites of two eggs whisked to a stiff froth, and stir until the ingredients are well mixed. Spread half the pastry biscuits with the paste, and place the others on them to form the sandwiches; brush them over with some beaten white of egg, dust with white sugar, and then scatter some coarsely chopped blanched almonds over the pastry, and bake at once in a moderately hot oven until lightly browned. CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

mentioned in the lighting up clause in the Local Government Act. It states plainly enough that sunset and sunrise are to be considered, and sunset and sunrise are obviously terms of local significance. As a legal journal remarks:—"To hold the Act—i.e., the Statutes (Definition of Time) Act, 1880—applicable will produce strange anomalies. It would be remarkable to require bicycle lamps in the Shetlands and at the Land's End to be lighted with reference to the time of sunset at Greenwich, or to hold that night shooting was regulated in the same way. Where computation is by the clock, the Act cannot be escaped from; but in determining sunset or sunrise reference to the clock is needless; and the real object of the statutes is being attained by not enforcing their penalties except for acts during the period of darkness, with which they are obviously intended to deal."

The utter foolishness of attempting to enforce the lighting of cyclists' lamps by Greenwich time all over the country was brought home to me recently when touring in the North of Scotland. I rode into the town of Wick, for instance, at five minutes past ten on a certain evening when lamp lighting time at Greenwich would have been shortly after nine o'clock. It was then so light that no thought of any necessity of lighting up would have entered into my head but for the fact of a certain notorious prosecution in the Northern town.

There is another circumstance, however, which would make a universal enforcement still more ridiculous. In these Northern portions of Great Britain the twilight is abnormally long, and even after making full allowance for the difference in the time of sunset, it is still illogical to enforce a lamp lighting clause. The light is good for very much more than the stipulated hour after the sun has retired to rest, and it is an absolute fact that at John o'Groat's it is possible to read a newspaper in the months of June and July, out of doors, even as late as midnight. Imagine the extremely ludicrous effect, therefore, of enforcing Greenwich time in a region where it is practically daylight for three hours later.

A very useful companion to the tourist is the new volume of the "Contour" Road Book of England," just issued by Gall and Inglis. It deals with the South-east division, the preceding volume having been confined to the North, while other volumes are to follow. The plan adopted in this series is to provide a succession of elevation plans of the roads, with measurements and descriptive letter-press. On the whole the idea is admirably carried out, and with few inaccuracies; in fact, no better pocket manual could be imagined for the tourist in any of the districts yet

covered by the series. I have recently been using the "Scotland" volume during a tour from Edinburgh to John o'Groat's, and back by the side of the Caledonian Canal to Oban and the Trossachs country, and found it most useful. Of course the fuller details of the "Cyclists' Touring Club Road Books" should first be consulted and copied out, and the "Contour" book taken with one's touring outfit, as a handy means of reference. The new volume covers Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, Bedford, Hunts, Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Herts, Bucks, Oxford, Middlesex, Berks, Surrey, Kent, Sussex, and Hants. It contains 500 diagrams and maps.

The cycle trade is in rather a dull way just now, it is true, but an object illustration of its latent vitality is afforded in the shape of a remarkably well illustrated description of the town of Ilfracombe which has reached me. The connection is not obvious, but I may explain that the said manual was printed specially for the annual outing of the employés of the Cycle Components Manufacturing Company, of Birmingham, upon the occasion of their visit to the favourite Devonshire resort. The party numbered nearly 1,000, and as illustrating the dimensions of the factory at which they are employed, it is stated that the premises cover a floor area of 324,900 square feet, with 130,530 square feet of reserved land. The work-bench accommodation extends to 25.8 miles, the gas pipes to 5½ miles, the electric lighting wires to 4 miles, and the telephone wires among the different departments to 13 miles, while 960,000 cubic feet of hot air are circulated per hour. The total number of hands employed is 3,000, in view of which fact the cycle industry can scarcely be regarded as moribund.

THE PILGRIM.



R. W. Thomas.

A VIEW FROM ST. MARTHA'S.

Copyright.



I.—A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A BIG ROOM.

IT is said that many people, especially those who have to use their brains for long hours at a stretch, keep some little delightful and not too exciting hobby to think over when with shut eyes they await sleep. For one, my own hobby from a small boy has been to construct imaginary castles in dream-land. Not always castles in a conventional sense, but houses of all kinds, differing in every respect, except that in all economy has rarely been considered as a dominant factor. In these papers some of these dreams (made practical by the assistance of a clever young architect who has illustrated them) are to take more visible shape, and economy is to be most rigidly obeyed. The idea which is to govern the series is that, as a rule, a ready-made home, like a ready-made coat, really fits nobody. It may pass muster, but it is not a garment to be proud of. Even if the Saville Row tailors built coats not to order, the chances are that the coat and its wearer would rarely be in complete accord. If this holds true of a house for the average person whose tastes (or proportions) are roughly like the rest of his class, how much more must it be true of people with hobbies, experts or cranks, professionals or laymen. Therefore we have set ourselves the task of imagining certain conditions of environment adapted to special circumstances.

The first one of the series which begins here may be called an artist's house, because the hall, which is the special feature, has the essential features of a studio; but it would be equally a house for a collector, a bookworm, or even for hospitable folk who have no artistic or literary taste, but whose hobby is economic entertaining at tennis parties and the like. Garden parties at a cottage are all right so long as the weather is good; but when a summer shower has lasted half-an-hour, the shelter by the chestnut tree (agreeable enough in a lyric) is apt to prove damp and uncomfortable in real life. At such a time a modest cottage proves to be ill-adapted to the needs of a score of guests. In the house here planned, although a cottage in essence, eighty to a hundred might take refuge without absolute suffocation, and thirty or forty would really not be at all crowded.

But to consider the house in its secondary aspect as a reception-room for guests is putting the wrong end first. A house is, in its very essence, a place to live in, and only (except at certain times) a place to entertain others. The bedroom accommodation

here provided forbids its use as a country house, even for week-end visitors. Indeed, the size of the chief room must not blind us to the fact that it is but a cottage after all, with only one servant's bedroom, and no appointments equal to the strain of hospitably entertaining for more than a few hours at a stretch.

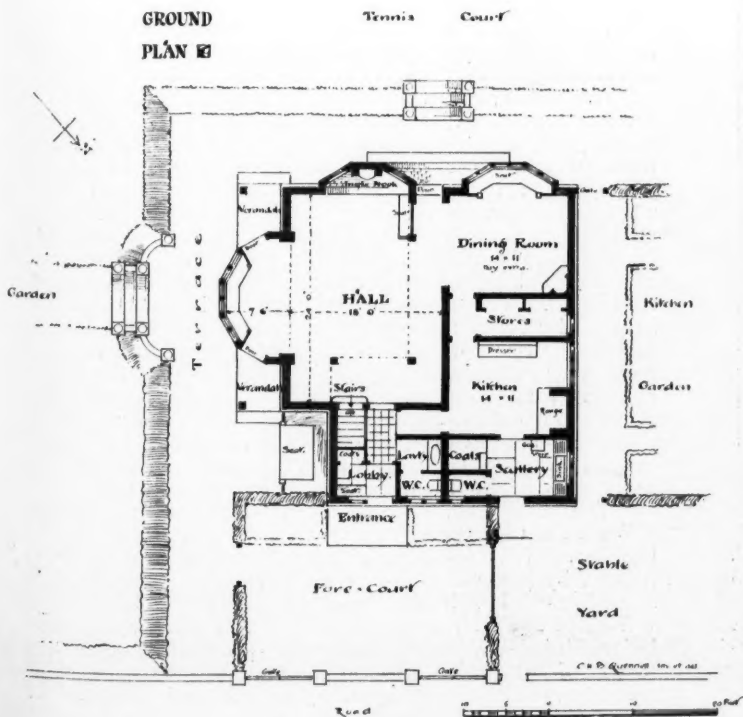


Nor is it a house to live in all the year round, although a bachelor might find it an ideal abode; but probably for any but the smallest family with one baby child not requiring a separate room, a married couple with encumbrances (as the graceful phrase has it) would prefer something less like a common room for a permanent abode. For a country house, where inmates hope always to spend their time in the open air, even in such parts of the autumn and winter as the owners may remain there, it has been planned to afford maximum space at minimum cost, to be comfortable as well as comely, and to supply one really airy room of fairly ample dimensions, which taken by itself would suggest a house costing £7,000 rather than £700, the estimated price of this one.

In the space available here it is only possible to give a few views that appeal to the average person, who does not have time to study ground plans. Yet the plan is the very soul of his house, and at the risk of being tedious one must commence with it. The ground plan shows one lofty room from which a portion a story high may be screened as a dining-room, leaving a hall open to the roof into which the staircase comes. This, although not palatial, is by way of being a big room.

Estimating its dimensions, we find, without the bay window (which would add largely to its apparent size), that its floor space (counting in the part lettered "dining-room") is 24ft. by 32ft. at the extreme length. In other words, it would take (if I have calculated rightly) about 65yds. of matting a yard wide to cover it. Of course, few people would wish to use any carpet all over the floor of a room opening into the garden; but housekeepers will grasp the size better from this calculation than from any study of the plan.

This is floor space only, for the balcony serving as a passage to the bedroom chamber projects over part, and the dining-room is only half the height of the main hall. Mr. Quennell has fixed a comfortable settle, and placed a pillar to support the balcony in the front of the dining-room. With a view to a possible dance, I should be



inclined to carry the balcony on cantilever brackets, and make the settle movable; but this is a small detail which everybody may modify to his or her taste.

The large window which is so prominent a feature of the hall, is shown with two glazed doors giving access to the terrace outside. Here again is a detail which may be retained or suppressed. Summer evenings, and even summer days, are often chilly, and possibly one door would suffice for all practical purposes, and this with a heavy portière would not make the window-seat a draughty lounge in wet or cold weather.

The stairs rise from the hall, and there is no back staircase for the servant. This is a real defect, one that has crept in owing to the presence of a third bedroom (not at first contemplated). If one wishes to enjoy the pleasure of a big room at a small cost, something has to be sacrificed. Should our supposititious tenant be willing to put up with No. 2 bedroom only 11ft. square instead of its present size, so as to allow a passage taken from the space to give access to No. 1, the side gallery of the hall could be omitted, and most of the publicity of the service to and from the rooms would be avoided. In such a case the end balcony might be arranged with curtains to be drawn above and below during such hours as the household management required.

One cannot expect all the amenities of a perfectly appointed household with only one resident domestic, who has to answer the door while blacking the grate. Economy has to be paid for, generally by a sacrifice of some personal luxury or comfort. So that if we want a big room in a small house something else must be deemed less essential; or a few pounds must be added to its cost, and a fresh arrangement made.

The dining-room may be partially shut off by a fixed screen of open woodwork, with heavy portière, if the owner prefers such arrangement; but the essence of the plan consists in making the ground-floor one big commodious room, for music or painting, or for a common room, according to the needs of its inmates. At such times as it would seem too large or too chilly, the dining-room can be curtained off and made a cosy room with a low ceiling, but on the whole one prefers that it can be thrown into one main space, except on special occasions.

To give a lighter effect to the ceiling the rafters are not exposed, or are but partially seen, with plaster between. This, by providing a cushion of air between roof and ceiling, adds warmth in winter and coolness in summer, and at the same time gives more light; which in the apex of an unceiled roof can never be unless tiny dormers are purposely inserted to illuminate it. If the main room is to be a painter's studio, a top light may easily be added to the roof above the great bay window.

For such a house it would be best to abjure varnished woodwork, and to use in its stead a pleasant peacock green or a pure white paint for all the woodwork. The walls are shown in simple panelling for the high dado, and plaster above. The

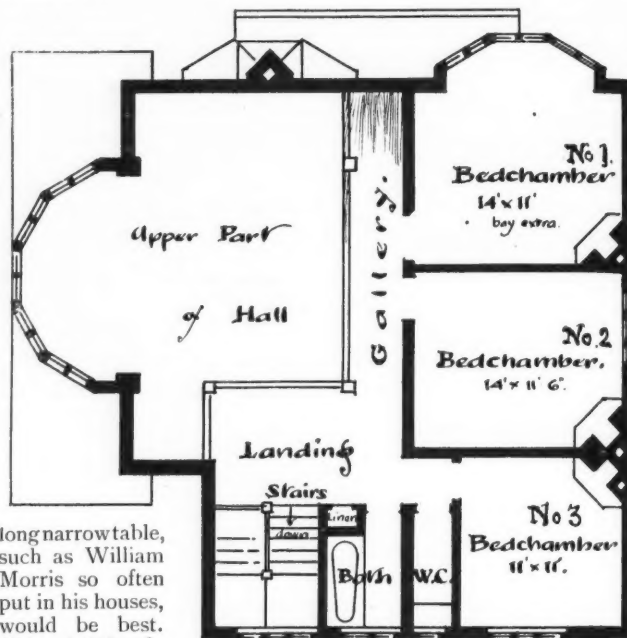


THE SOUTH-EAST ELEVATION

latter might be papered or distempered, as the owner preferred. For the sake of artistic simplicity, as much as for economy, all tiles, stained glass, wrought metal-work, and the common objects of the "art builder" are omitted. If these were good of their kind they would swell the total considerably; and if bad, whatever money they cost would be not merely wasted, but injuriously spent, for they could not fail to impart an air of vulgarity to the

whole structure. A little good stencilling over the hall fireplace might be not out of keeping; indeed it is suggested in Mr. Quennell's sketch. Lack of time has prevented the artist here including a view of the other end of the hall showing the stairs, and also one of the dining-room interior; but the ground plan will reveal to anyone accustomed to such things that the stairs rise out of the hall, close to the main entrance from the lobby, and that the dining-room has a corner fireplace and a pleasant shallow bay window with a seat. For convenience of waiting at table I should suggest that, if this portion be used as a dining and breakfast room, a

CHAMBER PLAN.



long narrow table, such as William Morris so often put in his houses, would be best. This might begot.

or 10ft. long by 2½ft. wide. It chanced to be the very size of the table at which this is written, and while not inconvenient for three or four people, would easily seat eight or even ten people; indeed, from a practical experiment with empty chairs, twelve might possibly be managed, if the service were *à la Russe* and the table itself were decorated by a few flowers only down the centre. For such a *ménage* many people would omit the ordinary white damask drapery, and dine off polished wood; but this, again, while a joy to some folk, would be a terror to others. Therefore perhaps it would be best not to begin to suggest appropriate furniture, except so far as to say that old mahogany is always appropriate, but it is not often cheap. Yet to-day plain green-stained chairs and tables (whether in or out of fashion, as art advisers may elect to consider them) are always in good taste, and never out of favour with artists and people who regard fashion in such things as an intrusive "suspect," sheltering all sorts of folly, and often banning admirable and beautifully-fit objects by mere caprice.

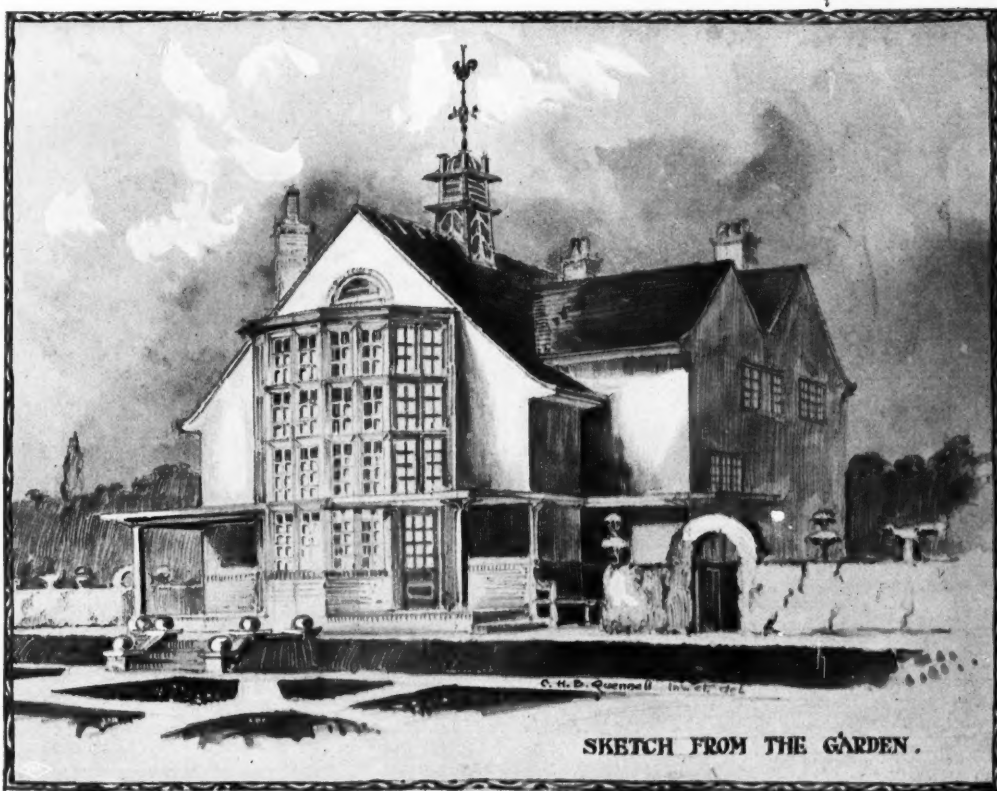
If the house is only intended for summer use, it follows that the taste of the day would prefer lace or muslin hangings; but this is surely a mistake. Nor, bearing comfort in mind, would one recommend, except for screening purposes only, the bead curtains beloved of those who dwell in house-boats. For dull-toned rooms, where every ray of light is valuable, hangings of transparent muslin or lace may be the best; but in the country, where one often wishes to subdue violent sunlight, and above all to shut out draughts in boisterous weather, heavy but not too costly fabrics are best. A plain arras cloth, with stencilled decorations, is admirable for such purposes. The material affords a good opportunity for pattern and rich colour, so that the rest of the walls and floors may be kept with as little pattern as possible; for with an ample supply of art flowers and the like very little permanent ornament is needed. Here it has not been possible to go into detail concerning the fittings of the house, because much depends on the site. If a high service of water chances to be available, naturally it would be best to have fixed washstands in every room; if, as is most likely, the water has to be pumped by hand, possibly this detail, and others of the plan as it stands, might need to be modified for the upper story.

The hall is not adapted for a billiard-room; lovers of billiards are to be provided with a special house of their own later on. It is not designed for a bachelor's establishment; that hobby (less permanent than most) will also be duly considered later. If it be a bookman's house, shelving everywhere will afford space for thousands of volumes; if it be for a collector of bric-à-brac, space is not wanting; in a hall so well lighted pictures would be readily accommodated, and the space under the balcony might be occupied by cabinets and stands for all

sorts of art objects. If the owner be a painter, then he will want a big window with a north light, and in such a case the plan could be reversed, and the dining-room might have a window beside the fireplace, facing due south. This reversal would bring the ingle-nook and dining-room bay to a west aspect, still keeping the entrance from the east. Here we suppose the entrance to be east, the big bay south, and the dining-room west, the north wall being for the bedrooms, which in a summer residence may be more wisely placed on the cooler side.

As these matters cannot be settled in theory, they must be governed by the site entirely. They are only mentioned here to call the attention of those who may think of carrying out this scheme.

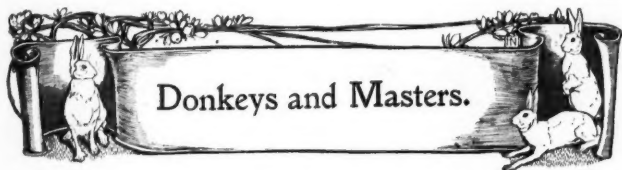
The price is estimated at £700, including everything in the house itself, but not allowing a penny for fencing or the laying out of the grounds around. The architect who has put the project into working order says it could be built thus cheaply because of the large hollow hall, which implies a less expensive construction than the ordinary small-roomed house of the same cubic space. The walling is of 14in. red brick below, with 12in. hollow above, coated with rough-cast on the outside, so that cheap bricks could be used. Because all plumbing and water-service has been kept well together, another item ordinarily costly is greatly



SKETCH FROM THE GARDEN.

reduced. It is possible that this estimate, of course, would be considerably affected by locality; but as no one is likely to start building it without professional assistance, this scheme may be left as a suggestion from which to develop the details more fully, according to individual necessity or taste.

G. W.



Donkeys and Masters.

AWISEACRE once said that the man who picked out the goose as the incarnation of stupidity was an ass, and thereby put himself within the peril of his own censure, for he might just equally have said that the man who picked out the ass as the incarnation of stupidity was a goose. It is a very singular thing that these two creatures, the goose and the ass, should be our synonyms for folly and density of intellect, whereas, of birds and animals respectively, it would be difficult

to pick out representatives of greater cunning. The goose is a hero of history—he saved the Capitol, distinguishing, as it would seem, between the barbarian invader and the native Roman, in a manner that showed no small discrimination. The donkey, or ass, was not regarded at all as a stupid person, or one to be spoken of with anything but the highest respect, until far down the pages of history. In the history of the East he has a proud place, and the riders of white asses are for that very reason held of much account. And he is a noble and important animal in the annals of the Spaniards and the Moors. It is only quite lately that foolish people have called him a goose, and confounded both under a stigma of folly that they have never done anything to deserve. One has a sort of suspicion that Shakespeare may in part be responsible for it—Shakespeare, in his *midsummer night's dream* and *madness*, fitting the unfortunate Bottom with the head of an ass that

probably was the natural covering of a deal more native wit than would have been under Bottom's proper headpiece. That is only speculation, however, and the donkey remains as cute as ever he was, in spite of all that Shakespeare has put upon him; and one of the cleverest things that the donkey ever did is to establish for himself this impregnable character for stupidity and for obstinacy.

Of his obstinacy there can be no question—only that he prefers to call it firmness of character. He knows his own mind, and takes no notice of what is passing in your mind if it is at all contrary to the bent of his own. You cannot get it into him, even by the aid of many sticks, and the result of his invaluable character for stupidity is that you deem it waste of time to try. You give him up as a bad job, which is an infinite blessing for the donkey.

There are a few folk that know donkeys better. There is this good fellow lying on the sand beside the three friends that help him to make the living of the four. You can see in this fellow's face that he has not had to deal all his life with companions of really invincible obstinacy and stupidity. He could not wear this outlook of general satisfaction



FOUR FRIENDS.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

if it were so. His is not the face of a man who has had to wrestle with invincible density. One has seen many a face of a school-master of human little donkeys not half so satisfactory. Neither is there much the matter with the faces of the donkeys, from a physiognomist's point of view. Of course it is not to be expected, when you have been approached by everybody all your life through as if you were the very incarnation of the essence of stupidity and obstinacy, and "been treated as such," that you should be very responsive, or should receive addresses from a stranger without some tinge of suspicion. That is always, and naturally, a donkey's way with a stranger. But these donkeys have not that expression just now. The nearest donkey, indeed, has a look of something better than content—of a just pride in its own fine aspect, and the bow at its forelock. It is not every donkey that is so graced; in this other picture of the whole donkey group, scattered and *STANDING AT EASE* in an idle hour, this old belle whom we saw in the more select group of *FOUR FRIENDS* is the only one so smartly decked out—a beautiful donkey, worthy of the "riders on white asses." Those folk that come down and scamper over the sands of



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STANDING AT EASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

perhaps Rocking-horse would be a deal better exercise for their liver. But the folks that like Rocking-horse are the hobbledehos and the schoolboys. They go along laughing with delight at all his antics, and if, now and again, they get a tumble, the sands are soft, and it is not far to fall, and a tumble gives so much fun to all the rest of the company that one can scarcely grudge the little discomfort it causes to oneself. These

are some of the little points—the most important points—that the donkey-man has to study and to know. Perhaps these are really forced upon his notice without much study; but there are many other more subtle points of difference in asinine character that require closer observation for their discovery. As a rule, donkeys are good-tempered fellows; but occasionally you find a cross-grained one amongst them, as amongst human beings—soured by ill-treatment in youth, and unable to throw off the influence of early association. Especially will you see this disposition at *THE DINNER HOUR*, when the head-stalls and bridles are taken off, and most will be munching quietly through the heap of forage set before them; but others, with ears set back, will be grabbing at a neighbour's share, or constantly suspicious that a neighbour is about to grab theirs; or again, picking and choosing like an epicure without a good healthy indiscriminating



Copyright

THE DINNER HOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

our watering-places on the donkeys of our illustrations are not perhaps quite of the same station in life as those Oriental princes that rode on the "white asses"; but they enjoy life, and a donkey ride, just as well, and it must be a deal pleasanter to be a humble "cuddy" where the cool winds are blowing off the sea than a first cousin to the wild zebra on the deserts of Arabia Petrea—albeit the shingly beach of the pictures has a certain suggestion of that stony Arabia.

Possibly, to the uninitiated, there might not seem to be any great difference between the individuals of this bigger donkey group, but in point of fact, if you will but ask the kindly-faced donkey-man about it all, he will tell you that every donkey has its characteristics. These are the characteristics that it is most useful to know—the most salient ones—which are of especial importance to those who are about to ride the donkeys, and therefore, also, of special importance to those who get payment from the riders—that is to say, to our friend of the white hat. For if he were to put up a fat old lady, of whom there are several constantly wanting rides, "for the sake of their figure," on Rocking-horse, that would never do. Rocking-horse invariably kicks when a heavy weight is put on his back. Arm-chair is the donkey for the old people, and the fat people. He goes along so quietly that they ride him with all the assurance in the world, and are as happy as can be, though

appetite, such as should be fostered by good exercise and keen sea breezes.

There are, in fact, as many varieties of disposition as a school-master will find in as many boys, and they require to be dealt with after their kind, and with discrimination; so that you may always say to yourself—if you see a man that has the care of donkeys, horses, or any animals you please, wearing a contented, pleasant face such as this man has—that he is a good tender of animals; a man who understands them and sympathises with them; for otherwise life would be a constant strife with him, and his face would not look so smoothly pleasant.

You may confirm all this by a glance at his donkeys; but that, after all, is a very crude method of criticism.

The China or Monthly Roses.

OUR illustration depicts a group of the common China or monthly roses, precious to everyone who loves a bright, cheery garden flower, more perpetual than any race thus named. English gardens of the past lost much through neglecting the various groups of roses other than the so-called hybrid perpetual, for the China roses will in warm nooks in Southern gardens flower even into the winter, sometimes indeed throughout a mild season until again in spring the free and vigorous plants are covered with blossom. This photograph was taken in Mr. Harrison's beautiful garden at Shiplake Court, recently described in *COUNTRY LIFE*. It is by grouping roses that their true

beauty and character are realised, the graceful shoots bearing a profusion of flowers longer than any bedding plant put out for the summer months. Flower gardeners should more thoroughly consider the rose not alone as a climber or bush, but, if one may thus describe it, as a bedding plant, to play a great part in adorning the beds near the house. Surely such a group as the one portrayed will show that colour, fragrance, and grace combine to make this a glorious summer bed, bright even into the winter when severe frosts stay their hand.

The China roses possess a great attribute, that of thorough hardiness, and they must not be pruned severely. It will be necessary to thin out weakly growths and remove dead wood, but wholesale cutting in will mean failure. But no rose will flower so delightfully as those in the illustration unless they are carefully cultivated. If varieties to give show blooms must be well fed, why not such bushes as those portrayed, which give freely of their floral wealth over many months? Nourish them with liquid manure, and the reward will be great. We need scarcely describe the monthly rose. It brightens many cottage gardens, and should be grouped boldly wherever possible to give effect. There are, however, other varieties of this race which possess the same free and vigorous habit, and of these that great garden rose, Mme. Laurette Messimy, must not be overlooked.

Few roses are more beautiful than this, its loose graceful flowers rose touched with yellow and other tints—a mingling of colours, bright, effective, and artistic. The writer has seen many large beds filled with this kind alone in the cool September days, which seem to intensify the subtle colouring of the flowers. In the Royal Gardens at Kew a favourite China rose is Fellenberg, which is usually grouped with the Noisettes, but it is a thorough China rose. The growth is tall, free, and the flowers deeper in colour than those of the monthly rose, whilst they appear until early winter. Even in a suburb of London such as Kew, its flowers may be seen long after every other rose and perennial has ceased to bloom. Another recent China rose is Mme. Eugene Resal, which is a seedling from Laurette Messimy. The colouring is deeper than in the parent, and the petals at the base are suffused with a coppery tint.

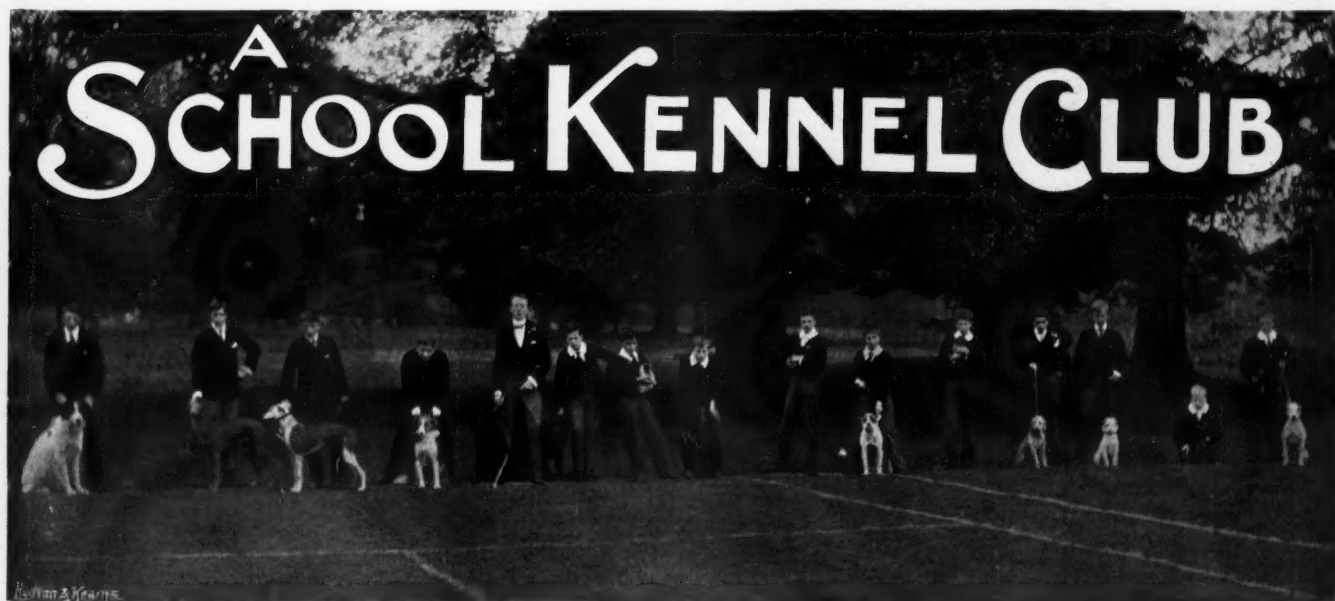


F. Maso's Good.

A GROUP OF CHINA ROSES.

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Cramoie Superieure and Sanguinea are good kinds also, the last-mentioned a dwarf double crimson variety, the colour wonderfully deep and effective. We must praise too the new China rose, Queen Mab, of Messrs. William Paul and Son, which happily possesses all the good attributes of its race—sturdy growth, freedom and beauty of colouring, the flowers orange, apricot, and rose, a blending of many exquisite shades. We have written of roses for effect and grouping, considering the China roses only, but if one wishes to enumerate more, select from amongst the tea-scented and hybrid tea groups, Camoens, Marquise de Salisbury, Grace Darling, Mme. A. Chatenay, Edith Gifford, Mme. Charles, Marie Van Houtte, Anna Ollivier, Viscountess Folkestone, Mme. Lambard, Grand Duc de Luxembourg, Marie d'Orleans, Caroline Testout, Augustine Guinoisseau, La France, and G. Nabonnand.



THE DOG PARADE.

"A KENNEL Club at a school is a distinct luxury," was the significant criticism of an experienced pedagogue. But luxury or necessity, the Clayesmore kennel flourishes; and so far from finding the attendant evils of luxury grow upon us, we rather pride ourselves on being a Spartan school—not least in respect of our kennels. Of course it is quite clear that dogs without management would mean pandemonium. The fate of that pack of "mangy beagles" suppressed by Dr. Arnold of Rugby, to the indignation of the sporting gentlemen in green swallow-tails with brass buttons, is a solemn warning.

Some foretaste of pandemonium we have indeed experienced.

The keeping of dogs at Clayesmore was a spontaneous growth, like most good ideas, and in its inception gave birth to many little nuisances. Dogs wandered about, having escaped from durance vile, strolled into the dining hall with the nonchalance admired of Whitman, sometimes even sought their owners in the sacred precincts of the school-room.

Feeding arrangements were primitive. Each man pilfered for his pet from kitchen or hall with splendid audacity. If conscience or domestic vigilance intervened, the pet took the matter in his own hands. One dog scandalised us all by leaping through the window while we were at breakfast, marching up the middle of the hall, and purloining an enormous ham from the side table;



REX.

inopportune moments. Certain dogs have a kind of eleuthero-mania, and find their way out of kennels in a most surprising manner. But this also yields to treatment.

Dog fights were long a source of trouble to the authorities and unfeigned amusement to the boys. One engagement, a sort of triangular duel, in which a retriever, a bull-terrier, and a

fortunately the hero was a little dog, though ambitious, and failed to jump through the window with his prize, otherwise the exploit would have been crowned with undeserved success. Dogs crawled in and out of the kitchen and worked upon the susceptibilities of a tender-hearted cook. Chickens mysteriously disappeared, and cats led a chequered career.

Of course, this audacity could not go on. It was magnificent, but not dog keeping. A club under strict control was the obvious remedy, and that club has justified its existence by restoring order, so that with thrice the number of dogs there is half the difficulty of management. Regular supplies from Messrs. Spratt checked the brigandage, and a system of fines put an end to the apparition of wandering dogs at



BEN.

bloodthirsty mastiff appropriately named Nero took part, became historic, and is still recounted in glowing accents to timorous new boys. The bull-terrier (an amateur of the ring) came off best on this occasion, impartially harassing the other combatants (locked in each other's embrace) in the rear, as occasion served.

Nero, who had subsequently transferred his attentions to higher game, and bit the head gardener (he had "rayther a voilent timper"—like the Irishman sailor in "The Wreckers"), suffered the penalty of banishment. He was a fine animal who esteemed leather muzzles as straw, and used wire ones, as an ironclad uses her ram, against the shins of his enemies, *i.e.*, the whole human race—except his master.

Requiescat in pace.

This, which I may call the Homeric period of daily combats, had to come to an end. A heavy dog-whip, judicious weeding of the stock, and restrictions on the introduction of lady dogs, soon made fights a thing of the past. Tinged with a glorious halo, they form a pleasant memory; but certainly better in the past than present. The spectacle of dogs lacerating each other is not a pleasant nor yet an improving one.

Order once restored, the club goes along with renewed vitality. Anarchy has its charms, but on the whole, for human nature's daily food, "order is better." Certainly the dogs flourish more under the reign of law.

Every boy has to look after his own dog himself, attending to the details of the animal's toilet, menu, and domestic comforts daily and with his own hands. There is of course a certain amount of division of labour, but the dog's master is also the dog's servant. This is where the Spartan element comes in—no mean element in the formation of character. The best sportsman I know used to groom his own horses; he had but two, yet no man in that hunt rode straighter to hounds.



BLUE GOWN AND BRINDLE.



DOCTOR JIM.

One feature of the Clayesmore Kennel Club is the Sunday Dog Show—the better day the better deed. On these auspicious occasions the dogs are all drawn up in line, brushed and washed, and generally looking rather conscious of unwonted spruceness. Each man stands behind his own dog, some friendly neighbour acts as umpire, and the dogs are duly ranged in order of merit according to condition and cleanness. This is found extremely conducive to careful grooming.

In winter "dog-runs" before breakfast—a scamper of a mile or two across the fields with the odd chance of an



SCOTT.

indiscreet rabbit or temerarious rat—are sometimes indulged in. A dog-race introduced as a novelty into the programme of the athletic sports this year was rather a fiasco. We have rather an ill-sorted pack—"mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and cur of low degree"—for the purpose.

There has always been a leaning towards getting a beagle pack to repair our nondescript collection, which has been contemptuously described as a "dogs' home"; but that ideal we have never attained. In the interests of discipline and uniformity it might be better; but our tastes are too various—from greyhound to Newfoundland. Each man pleases himself, and on the whole perhaps it is better so. We like to regard a dog as a companion as well as a sporting weapon or a prize-winner.

The limits of sport are rather a vexed question. Poaching of course is a great temptation and has to be carefully checked. The cats of Clayesmore nearly wrecked the Kennel Club. There are dark stories over which it is kinder to draw a veil, but now cat and dog live in harmony that belies all proverbs to the contrary. In checking illicit forms of sport the Kennel Club is a valuable counter-irritant—we bet not, neither do we traffic in dogflesh. And on the whole we are very pleased with ourselves and our dogs.

PUPPY-WALKING.

ONE great source of anxiety to the Master of Hounds or the huntsman when taking to a new country is the kind of walks to be got for the young hounds. It is, indeed, a subject of the most crucial importance, for on the puppy-walkers of a district depends in very great measure the welfare of the pack. And this is becoming more and more recognised every day. The puppy-walkers are looked upon as important members of the body politic of the hunt; and now that they have received the public recognition which is their due, they are year by year becoming a much more numerous body.

A Master of Hounds may be as skilled in breeding hounds as old John Warde, he may spare neither trouble nor expense in going to the best blood, he may succeed in getting the raw material of his pack to the greatest state of perfection; but all his efforts to form or maintain an efficient, good-looking, and workmanlike pack of foxhounds will be unavailing unless he has plenty of good walks for his puppies. This may be regarded as a first principle.

The question will naturally arise in some minds, "What is a good puppy walk?" and though, of course, plenty of good food is an essential to any young animal, something more than good food is required. "Cow's milk," said a Master of Foxhounds lately, when addressing his puppy-walkers, "is the best thing you can give a young foxhound puppy," and undoubtedly he was right, but it is to be questioned whether the puppies get much milk after they have gone out to walk. But a liberal diet they do get; indeed, in some places they get far too much food. There are always at a farm-house plenty of scraps to keep at least one puppy, but if a man is wise he will keep a couple. Butchers' offal is cheap enough, and if cooked as it ought to be, and mixed with scraps of vegetable and a very little meal, makes capital food for growing dogs of any breed. Churn milk, whey, and sloppy foods of this kind should be carefully avoided, as



PUPS.

they do not tend to the growth of muscle, and make the young hound pot-bellied. Some cabbage mixed up in their food is good for all dogs, the young foxhound included. Cooking the food and feeding at stated and regular times should always be adopted, and the young hound will amply repay all the extra trouble by his sleek skin and generally "well-groomed" appearance.

One essential is warm and dry lying. It is fatal to the well-being of a hound for him to spend his nights in a damp pig-stye, as I have seen, or on dirty litter. Cleanliness of the most scrupulous kind is necessary for his thriving, and perhaps there is no better place for him than amongst the horses in the hunting stable. The horses will grow familiar and friendly with the young hound, and they will certainly not be so liable to kick hounds when they are out.

Liberty is essential to the successful walking of a foxhound puppy, and if a man cannot see his way to letting the young hound roam about at his own sweet will from "morn to dewy eve," he had better never attempt to walk one. Some there are who shut their young hounds up in a big yard, and assert that there they get plenty of exercise. But they had far better be at the kennels than at quarters where these conditions prevail. Unless a young hound has perfect liberty, it is impossible for him to grow "straight," and when he comes up from walk he is sure to be found worthless.

Let not the man who would aspire to walk a puppy successfully expect that that puppy won't cause him a lot of trouble at times, for he will. A dish-cloth at the kitchen door is an object of affection to a foxhound puppy, and when anything tearable is left within his reach, it is an opportunity not to be missed. The good lady of the house, too, will find that the hunting instincts of Bajazet or Splendour will occasionally cause him to run after her chickens and turkeys, and if he should catch them—well, they won't get the best of it. But when the puppy follows the natural instinct of all young animals by getting into mischief, do not be severe with him. A blow with a broomstick or a severe thrashing may spoil a hound for life; and I take it that a man does not walk a puppy with the intention of spoiling him. Care at first, firmness, and a little timely discipline will soon break him of such little tricks as running poultry, whilst the punishment for the taking away of dish-cloths or the tearing of linen should be meted out to those who leave such things in his way. I may, however, point out that the best way to keep foxhound puppies out of mischief is to keep a couple of them. When there are two running about, they naturally occupy their time with playing with each other, and, beyond occasionally running an old hare as they attain their growth, they will do little harm.

The careful puppy-walker will take his puppy out with him when he goes to see his sheep, at the same time leaving his sheepdog at home. Familiarity with the sheep will breed contempt for them in the eyes of the young foxhound, who will never begin to chase lowland sheep unless he has been taught. With moor sheep it is a different matter.

One last word of advice may be given to puppy-walkers: never attempt to doctor an ailing puppy. A halfpenny post-card will bring huntsman or whipper-in to the place at once, and it is their business to treat hounds for all kinds of diseases. Similarly never severely punish or thrash a young hound. If he becomes too mischievous, as hounds will at times, send him on to the kennel, where he will undergo the necessary ordeal of breaking in at the hands of men who have spent their lives in such work. It will be rare, indeed, that the young hound will be found incorrigible, unless his temper has been broken by improper treatment at quarters.

All these matters, small enough in themselves, involve a considerable amount of trouble and patience in the aggregate, but it is well worth all the trouble to see the young hound, over which so much care has been taken, fill his place in the pack, a source of pride to all who have had to do with him.

It is certainly worth noting that it is far easier to find good walks for puppies than ever it was. Indeed, in some countries I know, and that where from sixty to seventy couples are walked annually, there are constant enquiries for more puppies. And the walks are now pretty nearly all good ones. Never do we see in these days the unfortunate puppy chained to a barrel, or doing duty as a yard-dog, and the lot that come up every year are generally such as any Master may be proud of. Weather, of course, has its influence on young hounds, as on all young animals, and the entry is not always good alike; but seldom, indeed, is there any cause for fault-finding in the way the puppies have been walked, and "the man who shuts up his young hound in a pig-stye," to use the words of the late Mr. George Lane Fox, is no longer to be found amongst the ranks of puppy-walkers.

RED ROVER



GREAT Tangley Manor House has already been described in the pages of *COUNTRY LIFE* by a hand which, since it is other than that which indites the lines which follow, may be described as that of a master learned in ancient houses and their history, an expert whose ripe knowledge is the result of affectionate study. To-day the surroundings of Tangley and the skill and taste which have been exercised by Mr. Wickham Flower in using natural advantages in the best manner are our topic. Nor are we concerned solely or even principally with the many visions of natural beauty which Tangley offers to the happy visitor. These are matters which force themselves on the attention, for the gardens of Tangley are, in their kind, second to none in all the breadth of England.

But our main purpose is so to describe these gardens that, although the impression produced upon the reader's mind must necessarily be faint as compared with the glorious memory abiding with him who has seen with his own eyes, something in the nature of a pleasant lesson may be learned. We cannot all, even though we should be rich enough, become possessed of

places capable of being converted into earthly Paradises as Tangley has been under Mr. Wickham Flower's loving care. If, on the one hand, it be true that Mr. Flower has fought against difficulties and has turned a wilderness into a smiling place in a wonderfully short space of time, on the other hand it is equally true, and Mr. Flower would be the first to protest the truth of the statement, that an old house in Surrey and its surroundings must always be an excellent material on which to work. Surrey, with its beautiful and varied contours, its wide expanses of breezy heather, its noble hills and luxuriant tree growth, affords an ideal setting for a horticultural gem, and, as will be shown presently, the creator of Tangley's second life as a thing of beauty had some advantages at his command which are not to be found in connection with every old manor house that may find a new tenant. Abundant and easily-controllable water supply was one of the greatest of these advantages. But for all that, and in spite of the fact that garden and grounds have followed no formal plan as they grew out of chaos, and although spontaneity is the keynote of the whole arrangement, and infinite variety of beauty is the



F. M. Good,

WHERE ALPINE FLOWERS GROW.

Copyright—"C.L."

unquestioned result, there are fixed and valuable principles underlying the complete result, and those are the same imperishable principles which go to the making of all beautiful gardens, small and great.

Those principles may be summed up in a few words. If he who would fain create a perfect garden in the widest sense of the word desires success in the end, there is no need to formulate any precise and comprehensive plan at the outset. Indeed it is far wiser not to do anything of the kind, but to permit the various points of beauty to grow, as it were, naturally one out of another. Mr. Flower had no such preliminary plan formed in his mind or set down on paper when he applied himself to solve the problem of Tangley Manor fourteen years ago. But it must not be supposed that he did not think before he acted, or that he neglected the true principles of artistic gardening. Those are the simplest in the world, if men would but deign to heed them. The first of them is to follow the lead of Nature as much as possible, to seek and ensue that kind of beauty of flowers and foliage which she offers to you most readily. Water gardens and bog gardens are choiceworthy when water is present and available:

these, it may be assumed with safety, are the principles which have guided Mr. Flower.

Let us attempt to give some idea of the wonderful result of the application of these principles during a comparatively short period. As you look towards the back of the house you perceive that the walls themselves partake of the nature of a garden. Thyme and arabis, wall-flowers, and the "gold-dusted snapdragon" that Matthew Arnold loved, have invaded the crevices of the very chimneys, which are bright with fragrant flowers. Man cannot make a garden of that kind; but he can mar it, and Mr. Flower's excellent good taste is shown in the manner in which he has allowed things to grow here at their own sweet will. There are gardeners whose sense of discipline is so strong that they cannot tolerate that which springs up into beauty of its own free will and without their command. Such gardeners produce ugly gardens. From this haunt of the self-sown sun-loving plants to the grass slopes and to the yew hedge beyond leads a modest lane with trim box hedges cut low on either side. For the yew hedge, it is a thing of beauty, as such hedges are when they can be grown to perfection. They are not peculiar to



F. M. Good.

THE MANOR HOUSE AND FLOWER BORDER.

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rock gardens are admirably placed amidst the surroundings of Surrey scenery. Ideas, such as that of a pergola, may be imported from many countries as freely and as boldly as plants themselves. Unless one is hampered by a cast-iron plan in advance, one need not fear that this or that result will be incongruous or out of harmony. But it is a sin against Nature and against Art alike to attempt the impossible or to persist in trying to grow that which will not thrive, but will at best be poor, stunted, and insignificant. The capacities of a place must be considered thoughtfully, else will the result be certain failure. To take a familiar example, you must not hope to look upon the tasselled luxuriance of a fuchsia hedge in an inland garden, or to grow fine roses within reach of the salt wind from the Western sea. In a word, think little of the plan and think much of the plants; encourage those which thrive best in that tract of ground which happens to be at your disposal; never try to "drive away Nature with a fork," for she will be for ever invading you afresh. Rather be on the watch for every hint she gives you, and she is prodigal of suggestion; be guided by her, and guide her gently. Thus shall success be attained. And

Surrey by any means. Hursley, in Hampshire, the home of the saintly Keble, is famous for them; but they thrive amazingly in Surrey also, and they are a joy in summer and in winter alike, for the fiercest sun cannot pierce to the shady side of them and the keenest wind cannot blow through them.

One of the most pleasant features of the Tangley gardens is the Court, which is entered by a covered way, cool and shady. On the walls is a prodigal wealth of climbers, rose, vine, clematis, and what you will, and great care and thought have clearly been bestowed upon the selection of the flowers for this cherished retreat. Daffodils are there, but only those of choicest and most beautiful kinds. In the early spring days of February and March the deep purple and orange flowers of *Iris reticulata* bloom profusely, and sometimes they may be seen to great advantage rising over a carpet of pure snow. Myrtle flourishes there, and rosemary, for remembrance, in great bushes; *Iris pumila* in many colours gladdens the eye in the early part of the year; downcast fritillaries, hepaticas, asphodels, yellow and grey, tulips, white and yellow, roses full of fragrant grace, and gorgeous pæonies show their beauty in due season. One must not degenerate into



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THE HOUSE ACROSS THE LAKE.

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THE OLDEST PART OF THE MANOR HOUSE.

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catalogue, but there is still something more to be said of the creeping plants before the subject is relinquished. Not only are the vines which clothe the walls of great age, not only are jasmine, white and yellow, and wistaria, trailing its purple clusters, present in thriving splendour, but the trees of gueldre roses are themselves pressed into service as creepers, and the effect is both novel and pleasing.

The visitor to Tangley Manor is almost bewildered by the variety of beautiful scenes that meet his eye. He has admired the Court Garden; let us take him also into the little garden, girt about with yew hedges, on every side in which some of Mr. Flower's most cherished plants are tended. Inside that protecting bulwark tall lilies and irises, the best of the larkspurs, some of them of the tenderest blue conceivable, and Japanese anemones find a sanctuary and thrive amazingly. Then come again to the back of the house. Cross the moat and walk upon the broad terrace, 150yds. long, that borders the lawn. That terrace ends in a pergola, happiest of importations from the sunny South, covered with vines. Remember, as you note the yew hedge parting the lawn from the meadows, that although it stands 10ft. high now, it is the result of trees which were but 18in. high when they were planted in the winter of 1884—only fourteen years ago, after all. Through the pergola you reach the orchard, standing on the south-western side of the grounds, and hard by Womersh Common. It is but ten years old, and it is a thing of beauty, particularly in the fresh spring time before "the cuckoo's parting cry, 'The bloom has gone, and with the bloom go I.'" Valuable indeed is the lesson here given of what may be done in an orchard, for the lower branches of the trees are pruned so as to permit free growth of vegetation below, and the ground is carpeted with alpine strawberries, a mass of white bloom, and with the rich yellow of buttercups. Think of it and of the glory of tender pink fruit blossom above. Can anything more beautiful be conceived? Yet it is the kind of beauty which is within the reach of most of us.

In nothing has Mr. Flower been more triumphantly successful than in his treatment of the ancient moat, not merely as a thing of beauty in itself, but as a source of new beauties elsewhere. Fourteen years ago the moat, almost filled up with rubbish, was a waterless eyesore, and the water from the pond above was wasted; now the moat is full, and its surplus waters are turned to the greatest advantage. Come to the north-east end of the terrace, and you shall visit the bog garden, one of the most beautiful and successful of its kind in England. In the soil, a mixture of the local earth with finely chopped peat, there is nothing mysterious or unattainable. But the position is admirably chosen, and it has not been less cunningly used. For the bog garden is a few feet lower than the level of the

moat, so that it can be flooded at will. Yet it is well drained, so that the water is never stagnant, and the manner in which the water is introduced is artistic in the extreme. It does not enter in a mere rude stream, but concealed, through a great mass of wild geranium. That is why the beautiful *Cypripedium* spectabile and others of its kind, orchids of many varieties, *Spiræa* venusta and palmata, rose-coloured and deep crimson day lilies, fulvous and yellow, wood lilies and Canadian lilies, yellow musk and white ranunculus, fair maids of France, calthas of deepest and most brilliant yellow, golden iris, Christmas roses, and a score of things besides, flourish in extraordinary luxuriance. In natural sequence and immediately below comes the heath garden, where, very properly, crocuses for early spring and lilies of many kinds are included among the heath. That is the best way of growing lilies, and is recommended by that eminent authority, Mr. W. Robinson. One learns, without surprise, that *Lilium giganteum* has attained the height of 10ft., that *longiflorum* and *auratum* and many others have achieved wonders. Michaelmas daisies also make autumn gorgeous. Again, by natural sequence, we find ourselves among the azaleas, many kinds of *mollis*, oddly named, for it is not tender or delicate, and small mountain rhododendrons.

One is loth to leave the bog garden, crowded with interesting plants; but another feature is hard by—the small lake, fringed with a variety of water-loving flowers. The yellow iris spreads into leafy masses, crowned with blossom, gunneras make imposing breaks of foliage, whilst typha, pampas, bamboo, and other handsome plants appreciate the rich soil. In a quiet pool float some of *Martiac's* fine hybrid water-lilies, and the yellow nymphæas, with the American *N. adolna*, crowd over the clear surface of the larger lake.

This is in truth a restful spot. Crossing the wooded hill on the right stands the ancient church of St. Martha, and the willows cast their shadows on to the water. On higher ground runs the pergola walk, approached by borders of old-fashioned and fragrant flowers—pinks, sweet Williams, and Canterbury bells. This pergola walk runs by the lakeside, approached by grass slopes. We have seen few prettier pergolas than this, and happily placed by water-side, with peeps of the old house across the moat.

Sweet pictures arrest attention on every hand—here a border edged with white pinks, there a lavender hedge, 4ft. through, distilling its fragrance in the air, whilst through the vegetable garden runs a broad border of perennials, which are so planted that a succession follows from spring until December days.

Here the ground rises, and one enters a rock garden, quiet in colour at first, but then opening out; stone slabs the path,

with groups of alpine and other plants on either side. It is not large, this rock garden, but perfect in detail; no display of "stones," but plants tell their tale, which the common "rockery," masses of big rocks cropping out without reason, prevents. A rock garden is not a mason's yard, and on the high upland meadows thyme, gentianella, and a thousand alpine flowers are not found amongst big boulders, but cover the earth with rich carpets of blossom. This rock garden at Tangley has a central winding, narrow path, colonies of flowers colouring the sides—*Virginian nentasia*, the lovely blue of *M. sibirica*, the thymes, prophet flower (*Artemisia eschoides*), *Silene alpestris*, sea hollies of many kinds, *Veronica lyalti*, geraniums, and a collection of various families too numerous to enumerate. The close carpets of the variety of *Thymus serpyllum* called *coccinea* were thickly



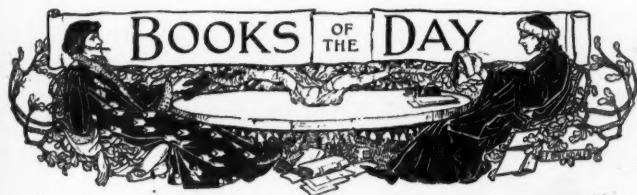
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A PRETTY CORNER.

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covered with bees in search of sweet nectar. On the higher ground the tall white spikes of the lemon-scented *Dictamnus Fraxinella alba* made a brave display; and the snake-like stems of *Tropæolum polyphyllum*, laden with yellow flowers issuing from a group of tree lupine, were noticeable. Standing at the top of the rock garden the view, indeed, is sweet to look upon, masses of colour in the foreground carrying the eye to the old timber house within the court.

Take Tangley Manor for all in all, it is one of the most beautiful pleasaunces in England, a true work of natural art, made on no cut-and-dried plan, and of infinite charm and variety. It is not given to all to have such a place, for after all Surrey is Surrey; but all men may learn from it, and many men may imitate some of Mr. Flower's designs to advantage.



I COUNT myself singularly fortunate in the two books chosen for observation this week, chosen without difficulty as they are, in face of the fact that the crop of books at this season of the year is as thin as the crop of oats is likely to be in the autumn of 1898. They are both books dealing with active life and sport in the open air; but over and above that they are both worthy to be classified as distinctly good literature. They are instructive, but pleasant; they are full of good stories; they are written by eminently competent men. The first of them is the new *Badminton Volume on Rowing and Punting* (Longmans, Green, and Co.). "Rowing" is edited by R. P. P. Rowe and C. M. Pitman, with contributions by C. P. Serocold, F. C. Begg, and S. le B. Smith; "Punting" by P. W. Squire. This is no new edition of the original volume. "Not a line of the original boating volume, published ten years ago, is retained." There are those who, in pursuance of some process of reasoning entirely mysterious and peculiar, complain of the fact embodied in this announcement. For the life of me I cannot see why. The old volume was and is

excellent, and very little fault, if any, could be found with it in matters of detail. There is no reason why it should not be reprinted at any time, for each recurring generation of oarsmen must be anxious to possess it. But there is no reason for supposing that it contains the last words to be written, no excuse whatsoever for the suggestion that it ought not to have a companion on the shelves. For my own part, if twenty volumes as good as this should be written on the same subject I would welcome them, for the theme is of paramount interest to lusty Englishmen and to the Englishwomen who, on the broad breast of Father Thames and elsewhere, show that they can row, and scull, and punt, with a vigour and a grace that are distinctly pleasing. Indeed, and in passing, it may be noted that a slim, well-built English girl never appears to greater advantage than when she uses the punt pole.

Our authors tell us an interesting story extending from the days of the first boat race ever recorded to those of the 'Varsity Boat Race and Henley of 1897. One need not fear to remind the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*—since it is in country houses that the love of the classics has lingered long after it has been lost in the House of Commons—that the first, and almost the best, account of a boat race ever written was the work of the Latin poet Virgil. He indeed was, as the creator of "*Georgics*" and "*Bucolics*," an early example to the conductors of *COUNTRY LIFE*; and in those beautiful descriptions of rural scenes and operations; in the *Odes* of Horace, such as that in which the chariot race and the delights of the Sabine Farm are recorded; and in the dashing poems in which Pindar describes the first and finest athletic sports of history, the writer of to-day may find many a model. Even in historical "*Aeneid*," Virgil, with his sporting instincts, would not deny himself the pleasure of describing a boat race with such life and fire, that we seem to see the rowers stretched out at their work, and the crucial moment at which Gyas throws the steersman overboard. A

little, too, we learn of the manner in which triremes were propelled, and then, with a quick jump of many centuries, we come to the institution of Doggett's "Coat and Badge" in 1715.

It was at the end of last century and the beginning of the present that men first began to realise that bodily matches in which gentlemen themselves took part were instinct with the true spirit of sportsmanship in far greater measure than those in which gentlemen pitted purchased animals and hired men against one another. That was the true beginning of the athletic revival which did marvellously good work for the manhood of England, and for that matter, of Scotland and Ireland also. Of the first three amateur rowing clubs, the Star, the Arrow, and the Shark—the first two are believed to be combined in Leander, which still preserves their emblems in its arms—the history is lost. The titles suggest that the clubs were small and that what has really been preserved is the name of the original boats which a few gentlemen clubbed together to buy. Nameless racing boats are quite a modern affair, and the ancient practice of giving a name to every boat is still honoured at Eton. It is from Eton, naturally, as it seems when we come to consider its highly advantageous situation, that we get some of the earliest records. The list of the captains of the boats goes back to 1812. At Westminster School again there was a boat in 1813, and in 1818 there was almost an inter-public school boat race. But as the Etonian headmaster of to-day will not hear of extending the duration of the Eton and Harrow match, so his predecessor of 1818 forbade the project. Oxford, too, was an early home of amateur oarsmanship, the Welshmen of Jesus College and the men of Brasenose being great rivals. The accounts of the early bumping races on the Isis, and of the first Oxford and Cambridge race at Henley in 1829, are well known. But I confess to leaving them with reluctance. The early amateurs in their shirts and beavers, an Oxford boat leaving Itley lock with oars lifted like those of a man-of-war's crew, their yachting caps and tall hats, the crowd of yelling undergraduates on the towing path, imbued with the same spirit that animates the undergraduates of to-day—all these things are excellently well illustrated, and it would be pleasant to linger amongst them for a while. The instructive chapters on the science and the rules of rowing and sculling leave nothing to be desired; but the following chapter on modern oarsmanship makes better reading. Its keynote is in the following words: "There is only one true style . . . and the difference between the rowing of an Oxford and a Cambridge crew lies in the respective points in which each falls short of a common ideal." Only, as is pointed out, some coaches develop special points. Foreign theories do not differ from ours, indeed, they are borrowed from England. Mr. Serocold, O.U.B.C., and Mr. F. C. Begg, C.U.B.C., contribute a useful chapter upon the steerer's somewhat neglected art. Coaching and training, two subjects of the highest importance, are dealt with at considerable length, the line chosen as to the latter being a *via media* between "the raw beefsteak" method of old days and the "eat, drink, and smoke what you please" doctrines that are sometimes preached to-day. Records, and useful instructions as to boats and their equipment, complete this interesting section of a valuable volume. As for the pleasures of punting, and the wonderful things that may be done in racing punts, they are explained and described in the most convincing manner in the section for which Mr. Squire need not fear to be responsible.

"The Turf," by Alfred E. T. Watson (Lawrence and Bullen), is the work of a gentleman and a scholar who knows his subject thoroughly, and it is of interest to many others than those who go racing. Things are put neatly in it. Thus after remarking that the worth of a race-horse depends upon other than external qualities, Mr. Watson proceeds:—"One does not want a horse merely to look at. Make and shape are not to be despised, but the great point is whether the horse has speed, stamina, constitution, soundness, and other attributes calculated to render its offspring worthy upholders of the family." A wise and strong believer in blood is Mr. Watson. Interesting also are his observations on jockeys, and the comparison he draws between the styles of our great jockeys of recent years is worth reproducing:—

"A few names stand out among recent or contemporary riders whose styles were in many cases widely different, but who attained the same admirable results. It may be noted that the most successful jockeys for many years past have, as a rule, averaged about one win in four mounts. In some cases this has been exceeded, as it was notably by the late Fred Archer; but at the same time it must be remembered that he had a great advantage, inasmuch as owners were always eager to secure his services. If they thought their horses had a good chance of winning they were always anxious to engage Archer, unless, of course, they had at command the services of one of his few capable rivals. During one year, when Archer rode an enormous number of races, from 600 to 700, his successes averaged two in five. He possessed one of the chief secrets of his profession—the ability to understand the peculiarities of the various horses he rode. His principal fault was extreme severity; what might happen to a horse afterwards appeared to be no concern of his; his mind was set on winning the race he was at the moment contesting, and not a few two year olds on whom he had won were good for very little afterwards, his whip and spur having taken all the heart out of them. At the same time, if he could persuade a horse instead of coercing him, he would do so. On one occasion at Sandown, in a five-furlong race, before the distance had been half covered he leant forward and patted the neck of his horse; his quick eye had already assured him, even at that early point of the struggle, that he had nothing to fear from any of his opponents. His method of sitting back, and, as it were, driving his horse before him, was in striking contrast to that of his great rival, George Fordham, who had anything but a graceful seat upon a horse, and was a man of little education and general knowledge, but whose appreciation of the delicacies of his profession was simply phenomenal. It may be doubted whether anyone who ever lived understood horses and the art of race-riding more thoroughly. (The value of a jockey's services, it may be incidentally remarked, has vastly increased of late years. It is not long since for the first call on his services Fordham received £100 a year.) In contrast again to Fordham was his friend, Tom Cannon, who to the other requisites of perfect jockeyship added extraordinary grace. For George Fordham, Cannon had the warmest admiration, declaring that all he knew he learnt from his colleague—an expression, however, which may be taken as not a little exaggerated, for he continually profited by his own experiences and singularly astute observation. Tom Cannon's hands on a two year old will long be famous in the history of horsemanship. He was usually the personification of gentleness on a horse, and declared that he would as soon hit a child as an anxious young two year old that was doing its best; and in this respect, it may be remarked, George Fordham entirely agreed with him. There can be no doubt that Tom Cannon often got more out of a horse by his persuasive methods than any other jockey could have done by the administration of punishment. At the same time, if he had to use

his whip he could do so most effectually; but as a general rule one or two cuts in the last three or four strides was the most he did towards what is called 'a punishing finish,' and when he did hit a horse, moreover, he always hit him at the right moment, not in the middle of his stride, when the stroke would make him 'curl up' and shorten, but as he was about to make it; for such *minutiae*, which scarcely anyone notices, are part of the perfect horseman's equipment. Cannon, so admirable a rider himself, has been also the cause of good riding in others. His pupils include his son Mornington and John Watts, who have no superiors in the saddle at the time of writing. S. Loates and Kempton Cannon were also his apprentices, and do the fullest justice to their master. Mr. Arthur Coventry, the present starter, in his time unrivalled as a gentleman rider, was another pupil of the famous jockey. Watts' style is closely modelled on that of his teacher, as indeed is that of Mornington Cannon, who, however, perhaps finishes with more vigour and determination than his father was accustomed to exhibit. Tom Cannon was and his son is much given to 'waiting,' a practice which some critics consider that Mornington carries to excess. Both riders, however, when they have just lost races, have sometimes expressed the conviction that if they had only dared to wait for two or three strides longer, they would just have won; and it is by no means certain in this matter that lookers-on see most of the game, or are best able to estimate the situation. It is quite certain that the most usual fault in young riders is the reverse of this, a disposition to begin to finish too soon; they are in too great a hurry to get home, and there can be no doubt that many races have been won by these waiting tactics. It is absolutely certain that Enthusiast ought not to have beaten Donovan in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1889, but Donovan, and Pioneer, who was esteemed his most dangerous rival, spun themselves out before the post was reached. As Tom Cannon said, in accounting for his most unexpected victory, 'they had two or three little races to themselves a long way from the judge's box, and when we got near it I thought I would join in.' Few persons who saw the race for the Leger of 1894 will doubt that Mornington Cannon only won on Throstle because he waited well behind."

On the whole, a very useful and pleasant work, of the style of which the foregoing extract is a good example. The illustrations are good, and the volume abounds in the most interesting reminiscences.



THE GROWING OF GLADIOLI.

THE great group of flowers called Gladioli is commencing to bloom—we mean the Gandavensis section, as the beautiful G. Colvillei, The Bride has been long in beauty. About few sections of garden plants is so little known as regards culture as this, with consequently a large percentage of failures. Books generally recommend a light sandy staple for the corns, but Mr. J. Burrell, of Cambridge, a well-known grower, in a lecture some two or three years ago before the Royal Horticultural Society, said, "I have grown Gladioli in all kinds of soils and mixtures, and, after careful consideration, have come to the conclusion that the best results are obtained on a somewhat heavy adhesive loam, without any admixture of sand—a soil which I consider, if anything, even of too close a texture to grow Brier Roses in. On such a soil I am able year after year to keep up a vigorous and healthy stock of Gladioli. No matter whether the seasons be hot or cold, dry or wet, I have always a good measure of success in producing flowers and corns." This is written of the Gandavensis race, those big late summer and early autumn kinds, but such remarks apply also to the purpureo-aureus hybrids and Saundersi varieties. So many fail with these handsome flowers that the above remarks may be useful.



F. M. Good.

THE MOCK ORANGE OR PHILADELPHUS.

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We have had occasion to refer previously to the beautiful shrubs which even now have scarce gone out of flower, the Mock Oranges or Philadelphuses, known usually in gardens as "Syringa." The writer would like to know the origin of this christening, as the Philadelphuses are not Lilacs or anything like them, and these are the true Syringas. At this time a bush of the Philadelphus coronarius, its varieties, or the handsome Grandiflorus, Gordonianus, and Speciosus is welcome in the garden. The big white flowers of P. grandiflorus, frequently more than 2in. across, are almost dead white, clustering round the leafy stems in profusion. When this shrub is well cared for, rough worn-out shoots removed each spring,

and occasional top-dressings given, the flowers are finer and more abundant. Many beautiful shrubs, too, are spoilt by over-crowding into some common shrubbery where Privet and hungry Laurels devour the goodness in the soil and effectually hinder the free and characteristic development of more precious kinds. We have referred previously to the Mock Oranges and the charming dwarf varieties, so that further reference to them is unnecessary.

THE POPPIES.

Rich and many-hued are the various groups of Poppies which, sown wildcast on border or dry banks, come in artless colonies, the taller kinds a sea of refined colouring, unless the strain or race has got imported into it those ugly magenta and black shades which in time destroy the more tender and pleasing hues. The Peony-flowered or Opium Poppy (*P. somniferum*) will give double and single flowers of many shades, and the varieties of the common Corn Poppy (*P. Rhæas*) include the Carnation and Picotee-flowered and those charming kinds known as "Shirley," in which the fragile flowers are self or tinted and edged with soft colours. Too thick sowing spoils the growth of the plants, and as few seeds fail to germinate, we get the unhappy result of a thicket of growth striving for mastery. Never neglect the duty of judicious thinning out.

EFFECTIVENESS OF SELF SNAPDRAGONS.

The writer is pleased to see the Antirrhinum of childhood days planted in a bold way in gardens. It is little considered as a true bedding plant, but the pure colours are as rich and handsome as any Pelargonium or tender summer plant. In my own garden a pure white kind, known as White Swan, has been full of spikes for many weeks past, and will continue effective until the autumn. The plants have been in their present position for two years, and have developed into quite bushes. Associated with this is a deep self crimson, a splendid colour, and a pure yellow, perhaps a striking combination, but planted to show that other things besides bedding plants are effective in the summer garden. Their season of flowering is surprisingly long.

LA FRANCE ROSE FOR CUTTING.

In the search for novelties amongst Roses one is apt to forget the old favourites, and La France is a Rose that should be always with us. Grown on its own roots, the flowers are wonderfully large and their colour is delightful, rose shading to a satiny tint, which seems to reflect the sunlight itself. Several new Roses are like the old La France, but the flowers are deeper and unfortunately of purplish hue—this spoils them. A bowlful of La France alone is a precious adornment. We enjoy its silvery colouring and delicate fragrance.

THE GOAT'S BEARD.

A finer perennial than *Spiræa Aruncus* does not exist in July. It has been unusually handsome this year, and a big group is welcome in the garden. The strong stems will rise even 5 ft. in height, bearing creamy feathery plumes, reminding one of the Pampas in autumn. Group this *Spiræa* with shrubby things of similar growth, and in ordinary garden soil; if not too poor and shallow it will spread out freely.

THE SANDWORT IN ROCKY PATHS.

A little mossy plant, the Balearic Sandwort, or *Arenaria balearica* by name, is happy in spots where Stonecrops and mosses love to dwell. We were in a Sussex garden lately where the Sandwort had crept into the chinks between the flat sandstone under garden seats and between groups of Tea Roses, netting, too, in the nooks by stone steps, anywhere, in fact, where it could establish its mossy flower-gemmed growth. Much charm is lost to gardens by not thinking of the many pretty ways of using flowers from other lands. The rock garden at Kew owes not a little of its beauty to this Sandwort, which spreads over the facings of the stones, clothing them with soft moss, starred with white flowers from early summer. It enjoys a cool, rather moist, and slightly shaded place best. Hot suns beating upon it dry up the growth, but it must be an evil spot which it will not beautify.

FLOWERS ON OLD WALLS.

On many an old castle keep and moat wall Snapdragon, Ferns, Toadflax, Wallflower, and Fumitory have established themselves in the chinks, and where these do not exist it is easy to introduce them by sowing seeds. There is much charm in a flower-covered wall, and more plants will thrive there than many suppose. Even the Aubrietias, Wild Pansies, and Alyssum will spread, and in spring make carpets of colour, more effective and beautiful even than groups in the rock garden. Alpines of several kinds may be thus grown—Cheddar Pink, the wild Carnation, and a host of plants that in the deep recesses of the wall can obtain a firm foothold. Where the wall is screened from the full sun the plants seem happier.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We hope any readers in difficulties about their gardens will consult us in the matter, and we shall be pleased to receive notes of interest concerning flowers or fruits for our correspondence department.

Coaches from London: "The Sportsman."

THE best of good company, capital teams, clever driving, a luxurious coach, an enjoyable drive, and an absolutely perfect day—these few words describe in a nutshell the experiences of a recent journey to Ockham on "The Sportsman" coach. Given such conditions, the man, aye, or the woman for that matter, is to be pitied who is unable to store up the memory of a full day's pleasure. For such an one there is no joy in life save the paradoxical pleasure of melancholy.

It is more than difficult to pick out and set down a few of the varied pleasures of the day; but to begin at the beginning, let it be said that punctually at eleven o'clock, with a hot July sun streaming down, and with a gentle breeze blowing, the Hotel Metropole is left behind and the journey commenced. Despite the maze of traffic, St. James's Street and Piccadilly are passed without a halt, for busmen, policemen, and other such public personages not only salute but show favour to the coach. They all seem to know our cheery coachman, who, like the girl in the ballad, has a smile for all he meets. Hyde Park Corner is soon reached, glimpses are obtained of the Row with its carriages and groups of riders. But "The Sportsman" must not loiter, so on through busy Knightsbridge and Kensington, with nothing more exciting to be seen than an unfortunate spill, a medley of shrimps and soles, plaice and mackerel mixing with the dust of the roadway.

The incident serves to stimulate conversation and to raise the floodgates of talk. So far the care of driving has kept our coachman quiet, and his passengers, or some of them at any rate, have been too much interested in observing his ready skill to think of anything beyond the wonderful way in which he has steered past cab and carriage, bus and bicycle. But now, with the traffic growing ever less and less, we are amused and entertained by a cheery colonel, who tells tale after tale—his knowledge of men and horses, of the latter especially, seems unlimited. One story is quite too good to be lost. The colonel



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COMING DOWN PETERSHAM HILL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

said, "One day I was leaving the Junior Carlton, and found a man standing by my horse holding his crupper. 'This won't do, sir,' said the man. I was mystified. 'What won't do?' 'This 'ere bearing rein's too tight.'" We also heard what else the astounded owner said—but that is another story.

Hammersmith Bridge is soon crossed, the villas of Castlenau begin to be left behind, and Ranelagh appears in sight. Before reaching it our guard, rotund and jovial, begins to speak. Of him the boys who follow the coach at intervals have not the slightest fear, although they are looked at with an expression vainly intended to frighten. Bill's face is incapable of looking anything but good-humoured. He points out with an air of genuine veneration the villa in which lives his favourite artiste, the "White-eyed Kaffir." But Barn Elms is near, and as we pass and see the ground men mowing and rolling the turf, visions of many a fast game seen, of many a pleasant lounge on the lawn, of driving competitions, of golf balls well driven, of summer feasts come crowding on the memory.

What an unique cemetery there is off Barnes Common! Will our coach find its last resting-place here, close to the road along which it has journeyed so frequently? "Road to the cemetery for carriages only," is the notice displayed conspicuously by the roadside. We hope "The Sportsman" will be considered a carriage when it makes its last journey. Soon the lumbering, leisurely, won't-get-out-of-the-way market waggons returning from Covent Garden are caught up, and we are amused at Bill's efforts to awaken the sleepy waggoners. "Blow it in his ear, Bill," is the advice of the popular proprietor of "The Sportsman," Mr. E. T. Delaforce, or Ted, as he prefers to be called, and so with a shrill, sharp note the slumbering carter is made aware of the fact that he is obstructing the Queen's highway.

Exactly an hour after leaving the Metropole we reach the Hare and Hounds at Sheen, and here the fine team which has brought us so well thus far is changed, and our clever amateur coachman, Mr. Brakenridge, hands over his task, or rather his charge—task is hardly the word, for it is evidently no trouble—to Mr. F. Poyser, the Master of the Barstable Harriers, who sends us at a rattling pace through Richmond, past the Star and Garter, with its splendid outlook over the valley of the Thames. How different is the present building, erected some twenty years ago, from the one built upon the site nearly a century and a-half earlier. Then the annual rental of the land was forty shillings, but the accommodation at the inn was so limited that at no time could a visitor stay the night, for the simple reason that not the slightest effort was made to entertain him. Since then what strides have been made! Now no less than 1,000 persons can dine at one time in the several parts of the present immense building.

But while these thoughts are going through one's mind the coach, cleverly handled, is descending Petersham Hill and crossing Ham Common. To the right is seen an avenue leading to the historic Ham House, often visited by Pope and Swift; but the house itself is hidden amongst the trees. Forty minutes after leaving Sheen the King's Head, Kingston, is reached, and another change, both of coachman and horses, is made, Mr. Brakenridge taking in hand the picture team of the journey—skewbald and grey leaders, with black and grey wheelers. We are away again through the busy market-place, where a Cheap Jack is beguiling an open-mouthed crowd. Our good friend Bill



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BETWEEN KINGSTON AND SURBITON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

laughingly holds out his watch, and Jack, ever ready of tongue, evidently makes use of his opportunity. Then on the coach rolls towards Thames Ditton, by the side of the Thames, father of streams, on the opposite side of which stretch the broad acres of the park attached to Hampton Court Palace.

Many a merry boating party is borne upon the placid stream. There, for example, are not "three men in a boat," but four men in a punt, sitting in chairs like patience on a monument. Almost do the disciples of old Izaak look like carved images, as though the punt and its occupants were an inanimate part of the landscape. Soon the Angel, at Ditton, is reached. From here, in the earlier days of the history of cycling, began many a hardly-contested road race; but now, as Bill informs us, policemen are stationed at intervals along the Ripley Road, each with a small red flag, up his sleeve one supposes, which is produced and waved so that the next man in blue may obstruct the scorching fiend who fails to stop at the call of the first policeman. Mounted patrols, so we are told, follow the headstrong cyclist who still holds on his way, and an inglorious end comes to the man who tries to make records fly.

Our team is making the dust rise as it passes on towards the pretty park at Sandown, soon to witness the struggle for the great Eclipse Stakes. The lawn and course, the paddock and weighing enclosure are deserted, save for the presence of a few busily-engaged men putting the finishing touches of preparation to the lawn, but a few hours will bring about a marvellous change. Some two hours after starting we are at the pretty, creeper-covered Bear at Esher,

where our last change is to be made, and the Master of the Barstable Harriers takes over a fine team of bays and browns, which leads us away at a good pace through the village. Here we get an explanation of the skill with which we have been brought along. We learn that Mr. Brakenridge, our clever amateur coachman, drives "The Sportsman" three days during the week, and that he has recently been within an ace of winning the open coaching competition at Ranelagh. What an active sportsman he is! With coaching three days and playing polo three days, his week is fully occupied in the open air. In addition he is a successful angler, a good yachtsman, and a keen man to hounds. A co-subscriber to "The Sportsman" with Mr. J. L. Phipps, the Master of the Savernake Stag hounds, it is one of the conditions of



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CHANGING HORSES AT ESHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

subscription that, except in the presence and with the permission of one or the other, the teams are never driven by other hands. In their absence the horses are handled only by the proprietor, Mr. Ted Delaforce, whose knowledge of horses and driving is encyclopædic. It is evident that the little he does not know is not worth knowing. During the whole drive we are not privileged to witness his skill, but from the attention paid to all he says by those whose cleverness in handling the ribbons we do see, it is clear that he is more than able to hold his own in any company where coach-driving is concerned.

Claremont, the abiding-place of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, is soon passed, and we are crossing Oxshott Common. The level Fairmile, on which in days gone by numberless trotting matches have been held, is soon covered, and we are driving through Cobham Village. As we go by the churchyard, a tombstone inscribed in true Irish fashion to the memory of a man, "late of the kingdom of Ireland"—let us hope now of the kingdom of heaven—raises a laugh. We are speedily through the scattered village, and a little beyond its limits the famous Cobham Stud Farm is in view to the left.

The lanes through which we now drive are extremely pretty, and typically English in character; tall hawthorn and bramble bushes, with an oak here and an occasional poplar there, line the way; creeper-covered cottages with beautifully-kept gardens, luxuriant in rich blossom, break the long stretches of green. Here young partridges whirr from side to side, there a young pheasant is flushed, here a late crop of hay is being cut, there a group of farm hands is engaged in stacking the well-saved crop. So, through several miles of tranquil Surrey scenery, free from bustle and with but little human life to be seen, we wend our way. In one of the fields, as we pass, two tars ashore, also enjoying the scene of summer beauty, are seen.

The charmingly-situated Hautboy Hotel at Ockham is reached at last, some three hours after leaving London; the long drive has aroused a keen appetite, so that full justice is done to the excellent luncheon prepared.

Perhaps the only drawback to the long day's delight is that so little time is left in which to explore the neighbourhood, distinguished for the majestic splendour of its trees. From the



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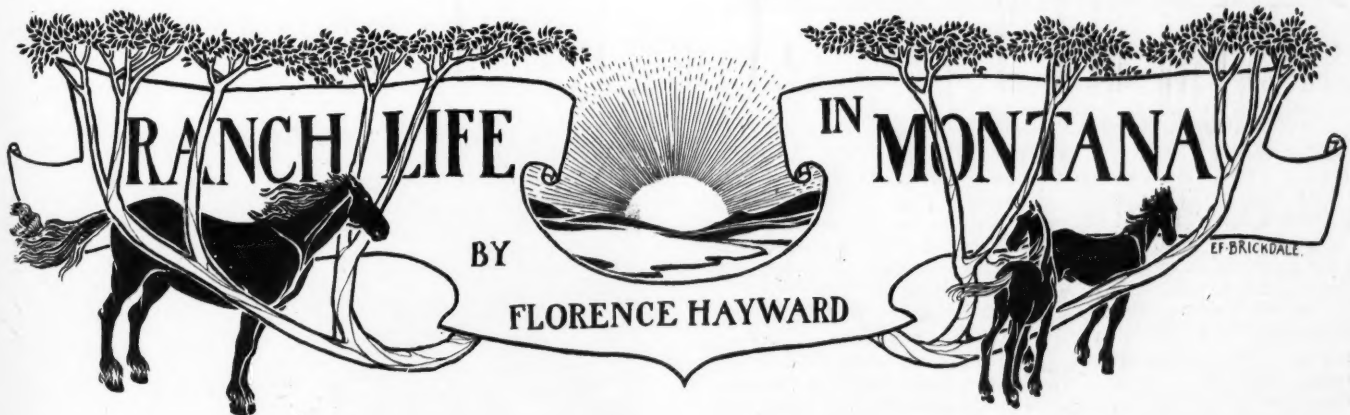
THE START FROM THE BEAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

high land round the village splendid views extending far across Surrey and into Hampshire can be obtained. Near are delightful pine woods surrounded by gorse-grown commons. Many beautiful spots can be found near this lovely central Surrey village; to artist and poet, Ockham offers many attractions.

But our stay is all too short, and at a quarter to four we are obliged to commence the return journey. The sights of the outward drive are shown in fresh detail as the coach speeds on. No particular incidents mark the way, although as we cross Esher Common, the local fire brigade, bound for Surbiton with its engine, escorted by mounted firemen, speaks of the advance of modern invention; for the mounted men are riding cycles—the County Councils will not be behindhand in these go-ahead days. We pass them quickly, and are soon by the river-side, where the patient anglers of this morning are still pursuing the gentle craft, to all appearance as immovably fixed as ever.

Our last changing place, the Hare and Hounds at Sheen, with another very fine team ahead, is speedily left behind, and the drive, far too early for us, is rapidly nearing its end. To the moment of the advertised time the coach draws up at the Metropole, and we descend, dusty, sunburnt, and tired, with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret, pleasure on account of the enjoyment of the day, and regret because the journey is over, but with this consolation—that all things, even good things, must come to an end.



"One reason is just as good as another if you've made up your mind that you are going to do a thing anyhow."—From the remarks of Hornsilver Smith.

I KNEW that the day was won as far as our ever living in Texas was concerned the morning that Daddy asked me how long it would be before I would be willing to go up and have a look at Montana—quite as if he had all along been most anxious to go there, and had only remained in Texas as long as he had because of my fondness for it. I told him that I did not think there was any particular hurry, and he said, oh, no! no hurry; no hurry at all; only this was the round-up and branding season up there, and it was a pity for me not to see it. He added that we could come back again to Texas if I wanted. Thereupon I gave a reluctant consent to the Montana trip, and bid a fond, because eternal, farewell to Texas—the land of no rain, no trees, no women, and no books.

Until after we started it did not strike me as singular that Hornsilver Smith accompanied us. Perhaps it was because he did so entirely as a matter of course; which is, after all, the way to ensure people's seeing a thing from one's own point of view. On the journey it occurred to me to ask him where the dogies were going that we had seen being shipped at the railway cattle-pens, and he said that they were going to Montana.

"But I thought they were driven up, that that was what the grub waggon and Slick and all that camp full of cowboys were for—to drive the dogies from Texas to Montana."

"That's what they was; the mainest part of the herd, anyway. But you see they are trying a sort of experiment besides. They taking the balance of the lot up by rail; seeing if they can't make tourists out of a lot of Texas cows. It's a new version of Cook's cattle. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*"

"I don't quite see the application."
 "Nope, I didn't think you would. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ* means, hence these steers."

Daddy, who never had a good ear for puns, placidly went on asking more about the moving of cattle. I suppose Hornsilver Smith must have been posting himself on the subject, he was quite fluent in his exposition.

"You see, it takes the cattle that are driven up a good three months to get there, and the cow-and-calf herd it takes thirty days longer. Time they get there they are as thin as a poor excuse and as restless as a business man on a holiday. Now the cattle men figure on it that it would be a good thing to get them up on the northern range earlier in the summer than they can when they are drove, so as they can get the good of that much more grass, and they'd be fatter when they got there too."

"How does it work?" asked Daddy.

"It don't pay. It would cost 6,000dols. to get that herd of 2,500 head up by rail, and by driving them it don't cost much over 1,500dols."

"H'm," said Daddy with satisfaction; he dearly loved to find proof that, after all, no benefit was coming to the Wild West by being tamed. "Then railroads aren't doing so much for this section of the country after all."

"They sure are—from the railroad man's point of view. It's like this; you can drive in all the cattle you want—it don't make any difference how thin they are when they get there. But they got to leave Montana fat and get to Chicago fat, and that's



DINING-ROOM AT RANCH.

where the railroads get in their work. No matter how they come in, they've got to go out by rail."

"I don't see how all those cows being driven along on the trail get enough to eat," I remarked; "the grass and things on each side of the road wouldn't be enough for all of them."

"They don't get enough to eat any more than they all go along one road," replied Hornsilver Smith, comprehensively.

"Oh!" I said. It was what I said, and all I said, whenever he tried to tell too much in too few words; it always had the effect of expanding his style of conversation.

"What they call the trail aint just one big road, like you think it is; it's fifteen or twenty different cow trails all leading along in the same general direction, and going along by the best grass and water. If they haven't been many herds on the trail the grass is pretty fair, but that aint generally the case, and between that and the travel the cows are pretty thin by the time they've got to Montana."

"Do they travel all day long?"

"Gee-whiz, no! You wouldn't have hardly a cow left if you did, and the ones you did have left wouldn't have hardly any hoofs. They travel from four in the morning till ten, then they graze, and rest till about three or four in the afternoon; then they drive 'em again till about seven, and then the boys bed them down."

"Put twenty-five hundred cattle to bed? I don't believe it."

"Well, they don't exactly give every cow a pillow and pyjamas, but they do see that they go to bed and stay there. The boys ride round and round the herd, bunching them in closer all the time till dark, when the cows all lay down and go to sleep, with one boy on guard. If he thinks the cows are



COAXED.

nervous he sings to 'em. Just so it's singing, they don't seem to care much how bad it is; it's a chance for these farewell-benefit kind of tenors that most of 'em seem to overlook. So the cows don't have much classical music, only songs like 'The Wyoming Trail' and 'The Dying Cowboy.'

"What was it you said about the cows not having any hoofs if they travel too fast?"

"That's what I said. Some of the cows have to get shod before they start. The way they do it, they cut a piece of leather the shape of each side of the hoof, and nail it on, then they pour in grease. If the hoof's tender in the division they only use one piece of leather, but they pour in the grease all the same between the shoe and the hoof. It's a grown good scheme; lame cattle shod thataway travel faster than the main herd."

"Mr. Hornsilver Smith, if they shoe lame calves that way, and it takes the cow-and-calf herd four months to make the trip, I should think that by the time they get there they would have grown so that the shoes would be too small for them. I know a baby's would."

"Well, you know more about babies than you do about calves. The size of it is, that the tender-footed calves don't need any shoes at all, because they don't walk. They ride along in the calf-waggon, the one you called a chicken-coop back at the ranch. But most of 'em walk, and do you know a calf two weeks old will walk all the way, and look better than the grown cattle at the end of the drive. But you'd ought to see them when they crossing a river. The herd swims in a wedge shape, like geese flying; the way they get them started is to lead off with the calf-waggon in a ferry-boat, and the rest of the herd just naturally swims itself most to death trying to keep up with that waggon. It's pretty pathetic, aint it?"

"Poor things. But there aren't any calves with the main herd, are there? What do you do, then?"

"There's always some that take to the water all right, and the rest follow; but generally there's most always a few that won't go in, not a-tall."

"Then what happens?"

"Oh, kind of coax 'em along—with ropes."



A COWBOY'S BEDROOM.

If I had not seen Texas first I should have considered Montana rather an empty-looking country; as it was, it seemed to me to be full of trees and grass and water and civilisation. The ranch house appeared to me a marvel of modern luxury. It had a bath tub, and, what was more to the point, water enough to put in it. When I remarked this to Daddy, he said in defence of Texas—now that he was well away from it—that there were plenty of bath tubs in Texas. Hornsilver Smith championed my side by remarking that may be there were, but they weren't much more use than an ice-box in hell. It was an unfortunate remark; Daddy resented the fact, and I the phrase.

The other main feature of the ranch house was the dining-room. It was lined with theatre posters, and the boys thought nothing of riding an extra forty miles to see if any new ones had come in. The room also contained what Hornsilver Smith was pleased to call a sure live flag; about the only one I saw curing the whole trip, except at the military posts. I spoke of this to him; he said he reckoned the United States flag was like United States patriotism, there was a good supply of both on hand, but we kept them both sort of packed away, and only shook them out on the 4th of July to make sure they hadn't got moth-eaten.

Daddy, who still had hanging to him some traces of having fought on the losing side in the Civil War, said—well, he didn't know, and Hornsilver Smith said—well, he did know. So to settle the question definitely, and not have it cropping up when I wanted to hear cattle-talk, I tried an experiment. When one of the boys was looking around for something to wipe the dust off



BRANDING.

a pair of buffalo horns he had taken down from the wall to show me, I said, "Take a corner of the flag."

He looked hard at me and said, gravely, "Excuse me. That aint what a flag's for."

"Oh, it won't hurt it; the dust will shake right out again."

"I reckon may be it will, but it kinder seems to me a flag hadn't ought to be mixed up with dirt, no ways."

"What State do you come from?" asked Daddy.

"Virginia."

"I guess the war is over, Colonel," said Hornsilver Smith, and, with this final word on the subject, we adjourned to see some branding.

(To be continued.)



A MOTHERLESS FAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you kindly give me any information as to the rearing and management of a fawn when the hind or doe has died, or from other causes is unable to bring up her young.—H. S. DOWSON.

[You should find no difficulty in bringing up the fawn. Feed it on fresh cow's milk from a lamb's feeding-bottle, which must be kept perfectly clean and sweet. Give it plenty of warm, dry bedding. You will find that it will get quite tame, and become a most delightful pet. It will certainly repay any trouble you may take.—ED.]

OTTERS BY THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While staying near Torquay last Easter, I had the somewhat rare experience of seeing otters at sea. I was out for a morning's rabbit shooting with a friend on the cliffs, and, as the sport was not very lively, watched the seabirds, when, close in shore, I thought I saw a large lobster-pot float, but it kept bobbing up and down and moving about too much, so I concluded it was a diver, and pointed it out to my companion, who said it was an otter, a very rare sight, one not having been seen for three or four years. We both fired at it and missed; the otter instantly swam to a hole in the cliff and disappeared. By climbing the cliff about 25ft., my companion found a large flat ledge with a hole at the end, which was evidently the otter's home. That afternoon we decided to have a regular hunt for the otter. We soon reached the ledge, and found that the hole was a crack in the rock, sloping down almost level with the sea, and stretching inwards several yards; we crawled in as far as we could, and saw another hole leading out into the sea by which the otter escaped. It was quite evident that this was the otter's home, for after we had climbed to the top of the cliff we saw two of them swimming in the sea. The next day, whilst returning to town, I saw from the carriage window, on a part of the line between Torquay and Teignmouth, another pair of otters playing in the sea.—H. E. POYNTER.

[South Devon otters commonly go down to the coast and live in the caves in the cliff. At Sidmouth one was not long ago killed when crossing the esplanade on its way to a small brook. Another was seen swimming out at sea under High Peak, and eluded the fisherman who chased it.—ED.]

MILDEWED ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly assist me in the following matter. My roses out-of-doors are in some cases mildewed. Can I sulphur them, or what remedies would you suggest?—R.

[Unfortunately, this is a disease which you can do very little with in the open ground. It is simply the result of changes in temperature, drought, and the reverse, but under glass, of course, it is easy to apply sulphur in some form, which will certainly check it. The only way is not to grow kinds which get badly infested. The tea-scented roses are never touched with it.—ED.]

ROSE LEAVES NOTCHED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you rose leaves which appear as if some insect had notched them in some way. I noticed the same thing on the roses of friends a few evenings ago. What enemy has been at work?—LADY T.

[These notches are the result of the work of the leaf-cutter bees which are in search of lining for the cells in which they rear their grubs. The cells are made in various positions, banks, posts, or similar places, and although they will even take the flowers of bedding plants, such as pelargoniums, their favourite subject is the rose leaf. These leaf-cutter bees are an extremely interesting group, and if you have an opportunity, see them at work. They make the edge of the leaf firm between their legs, and with wonderful rapidity notch out a part, and thence to the cell. The only way of getting rid of them is to destroy the nests or the bees when seen at work. Unless, however, you are very much plagued with them, which is unlikely, you need not fear for the health of your plants.—ED.]

PROFUSION OF WILD FLOWERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am always attracted and interested by your "Country Notes," and observations on the varying aspects of country life in the field and in the garden, but there is just one point on which it seems to me that your notes have lately failed to dwell with quite adequate emphasis, and that is the profusion and strength of the growth of all our wild flowers, and especially of our wild roses, this year. Primroses were the first to bloom in wonderful abundance, and now, passing through the Southern Counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, there is a wealth of foxglove, honeysuckle, and wild rose in the roadside hedges such as does not seem to me to have been matched for many a year. There is a certain roadside hedge and bank on the confines of the three counties named, though situated in the last-named, actually—where the cyclist puts up his feet just after East Grinstead is past, and does not take them off the rests till he is down in Forest Row, some three miles away—all the roadside hedge of that descent is a perfect garden of the beautiful bramble rose, reminding one of the Briar Rose, or Sleeping Beauty, picture of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. I trust that you will forgive my drawing your attention to this point, that I think you have, perhaps, a little overlooked in your generally most observant and charming notes.—CYCLIST.

BULBS NOT FLOWERING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“Trellis,” Ireland, has pleasure in sending following relative to question about bulbs in COUNTRY LIFE of July 23rd. A Cork florist—largest grower of daffodils in the kingdom—told “Trellis” the failure last year in blooming was caused by the excessive wet after flowering the season before, and that the future bloom rotted before it was fully formed.

THE CHISWICK SWANS: A HEARTLESS ROBBERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This year what I believe to be the only pair of river swans nesting in London waters built on Chiswick Eyot. As the island at its eastern end enters the parish of Hammersmith, part is actually inside the boundaries of London, and the birds were in any case paying a compliment to the neighbourhood by



making it the site of their nest, when they might have gone to Richmond or the ground of Sion House. For some time they met with nothing but misfortune, for the high tides washed away the nest. Then by the aid and encouragement of various river-side neighbours they were provided with material to make a good nest, at which they worked eagerly, until they raised it above the level of high tides. Then the female, a very young and shy bird, laid three eggs, and sat on them for more than three weeks. She and her mate were regularly fed by friends living near, and the cock was ever on the watch to drive off small boys who ventured near the nest at low tide. I saw him “hold the fort” against six of these, and prevent their paddling up the creek past the nest. Even the grass cutters on the eyot protected the swans, and gave them fresh material for their nest. All this trouble of birds and humans has been quite useless. The eggs were sto'en in the night when three-parts hatched. The cock

swan, who had evidently attempted to defend them, was found covered with mud, and quite heart-broken, and the brutes who did all this wanton mischief are undiscovered. Of course the law pronounces that these eggs are “protected,” but as it is not enforced the prohibition is useless. I enclose a photograph taken of one of the swans during their brief period of domestic hope and happiness.—C. J. CORNISH.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

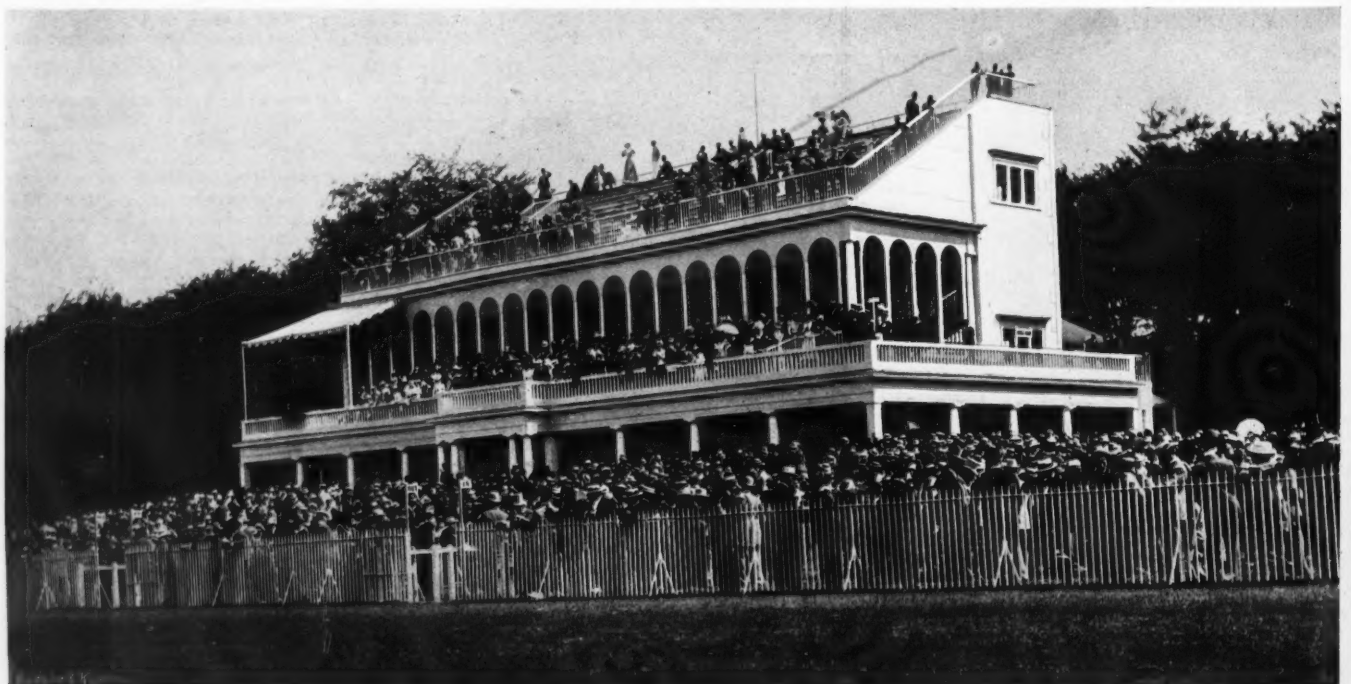
SIR,—What is the general appearance of the Irish wolfhound, a variety very often mistaken in my part for the deerhound? I will be exceedingly obliged by any information you can give.—(MRS.) K. FOSTER.

[According to the standard drawn up by the Irish Wolfhound Club, the variety should not be quite so heavy or massive as the Great Dane, but more so than the deerhound, which in general type he should otherwise resemble. Of great size and commanding appearance, very muscular, strongly though gracefully built, movements easy and active; head and neck carried high; the tail carried with an upward sweep, with a slight curve towards the extremity. The minimum height and weight of dogs should be 31in. and 120lb.; of bitches, 28in. and 90lb. Anything below this should be debarred from competition. Great size, including height at shoulder and proportionate length of body, is the desideratum to be aimed at, and it is desired to firmly establish a race that shall average from 32in. to 34in. in dogs, showing the requisite power, activity, courage, and symmetry. The head should be long, the frontal bones of the forehead very slightly raised, and very little indentation between the eyes. Skull, not too broad; muzzle, long and pointed (moderately); ears, small, and greyhound-like in carriage. The neck should be rather long, very strong and muscular, well arched, and without dewlap or loose skin about the throat. The chest should be very deep, and the breast wide. Muscular shoulders and thighs must also be looked for, and the feet should be moderately large and round, neither turned inwards nor outwards. The hair should be rough and hard on the body, legs, and head; especially wiry and long over eyes and under jaw. The recognised colours are grey, brindle, red, black, pure white, fawn, or any colour that appears in the deerhound.—ED.]



GOODWOOD has come to an end, and with it what is generally considered to be the first half of the racing campaign. There is an air of distinction, and racing-for-sport's-sake, about the Duke of Richmond's meeting, lacking at other gatherings. The course is the most picturesque in England, and the “going” afforded by its springy turf as nearly perfect as possible, whilst there are many pleasures connected with the Goodwood Week apart from that of the racing. And yet, were it not for the Prince of Wales, and Society in general, this old and historic meeting would, in these days, have to take a very lack seat. The truth is that the most important feature of the function—the racing to wit—is quite unworthy of its surroundings, and the sooner the programme is overhauled and remodelled the better. Goodwood Park is one of the most beautiful spots in the South of England, and its race-course one of the best in the whole country. The meetings held thereon have a charm which is all their own, and the Dukes of Richmond hold a prominent place in the history of the British Turf. Surely the Goodwood programme should be second only in importance to those of Ascot and Newmarket.

On Tuesday—the opening day—the weather was all that could be desired, and most of the faces we are accustomed to look for at this meeting were to be seen under the trees on the lawn. The racing, however, was a trifle dull and uninteresting. The Stewards' Cup is, of course, the most popular short-distance handicap of the season, but even



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THE STANDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

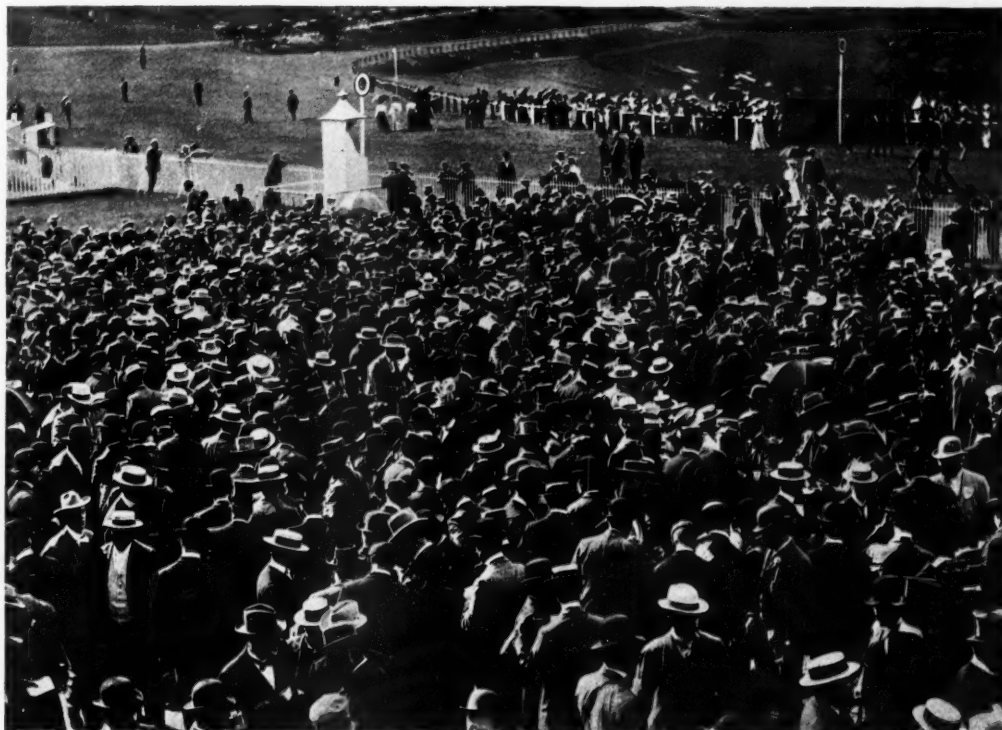
that failed to produce its usual excitement. Last year there were twenty-three runners for this event, the year before twenty-four, in 1895 twenty-two, and in 1894 twenty-one; whilst in 1860 Sweetsauce beat thirty-six opponents, and in the year following forty-four runners followed Croagh Patrick home. This year only fifteen numbers went up on the number-board, and these, taken as a whole, of anything but the class we are used to associate with a Stewards' Cup field. When first the weights appeared a very good judge told me that he thought it a bad handicap, and the result has seemed to prove that he was right. There were only two candidates really backed at the last, and any price could have been had for four, a quartette which, by the way, supplied the second, third, and fourth. Personally, when I first saw the weights I thought that Dieudonne would win, and so I think now he would have done had he gone to the post. However, his stable companion, Lucknow, beat him in the home gallop, and so the Duke of Devonshire's colt was struck out, and the stable was represented by the Prince of Wales's instead. That he was a certainty on his trial was quite evident, but I am no believer in home gallops, and wayward three year olds ridden by 6st. boys are bad to trust in a scramble of this description. The son of St. Angelo and Luck was at first heavily backed on the strength of his gallop, but he gradually drifted out, and 9 to 1 was going begging about him on the day. I could not understand why Altesse was not more fancied. She had been coming on so fast for some time that there was no saying how good she might not be. Captain Machell fancied her, and Jewitt's stable is always dangerous in this event. Robinson's connections, however, would not on this occasion listen to the voice of "the Captain," who so often advises them to their benefit, preferring their own representative, Mount Prospect, who started a hot favourite at 3 to 1, and finished in the ruck. Rosemerryn ran very well indeed, as he was bound to do, and Eager made a bold bid, as I quite expected that he would, but they all had to go down before Jewitt's very improved filly. Two furlongs from home there were only four in it, Lucknow, Eager, Rosemerryn, and Altesse, who looked like finishing as their names are written. At this point Lucknow tacked across the course, taking Eager with him, and Rosemerryn was apparently winning, until Altesse, who had been rapidly drawing up, caught him in the last hundred yards, and won a good race by a neck, Lucknow being third, and Eager fourth. The winner was originally purchased by the late Baron Hirsch, at the sale of Sir Tatton Sykes's yearlings, for 2,700 guineas. At the sale of his horses in June, 1896, she was bought by



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TATTERSALL'S

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Jewitt for 530 guineas, and a very profitable purchase she has turned out. There is no public breeder who conducts his business with more liberality, common-sense, and consequent success than Mr. Simons

Harrison, and the victory of Mr. Larnach's charming filly Victoria May, by St. Simon out of Hampton Rose, in the Lavant Stakes, on the second day, ought to give the Cottingham Stud yearlings a good lift at Doncaster next month. The Goodwood Plate of two and a-half miles, which has taken the place of the old Goodwood Stakes, was a most uninteresting affair, and hardly worth noticing. Marius II. started favourite from Eclipse, to whom he had to give the same weight as he gave him at Gatwick, and whom he beat again, this time easier than before, with Invincible II. third, and Ashgarth fourth. What a quartette to finish in front for a race which has been won by such as Uhlan, Hampton, Reveller, Corrie Roy, and Carlton.

The only really interesting event of the day was the meeting of Dieudonne and Cap Martin in the Sussex Stakes of a mile. I believe Bait to be a better horse than most people think, but he is hardly of the same class as the two just named, and the other two starters, St. Eviox and Elfin, had no chance. Slight odds



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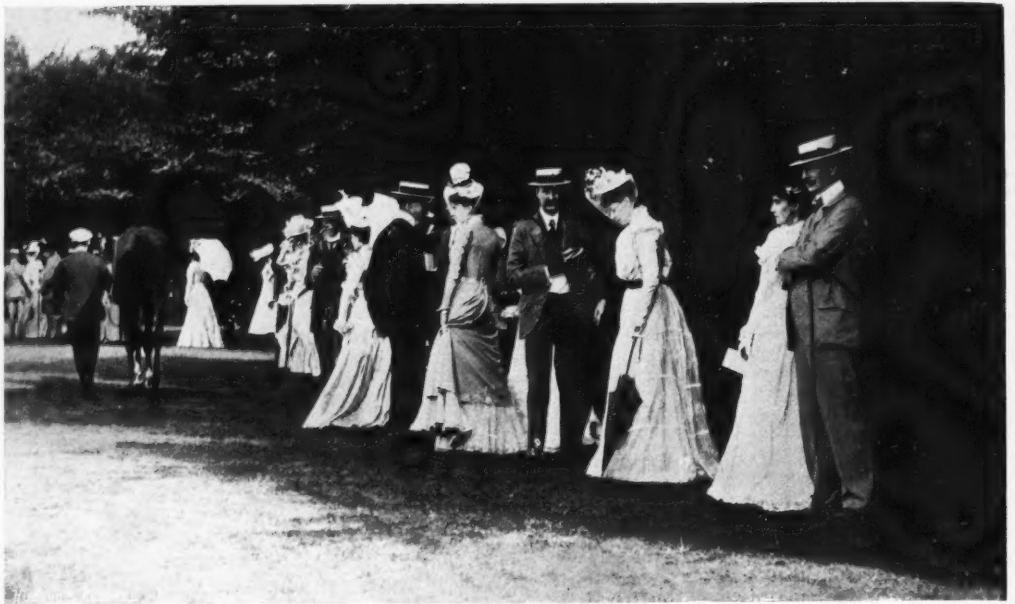
"COUNTRY LIFE."

were laid on Cap Martin, and 3 to 1 about Dieudonne, but in spite of their Ascot running, I could not help fancying that the odds might be upset on this occasion. It was, of course, a match between these two, of whom the favourite sprawled all over the place when asked to win his race, and the Duke of Devonshire's colt won apparently very cleverly. It was a smart performance on the part of the winner, and no horse wins his races in more taking style, when he does win, than the Duke of Devonshire's colt. Cap Martin, on the contrary, gave a horribly clumsy display, but I think I could explain why, and over a longer distance I think he will always beat his Goodwood conqueror. I know by experience what these big, long-striding horses are like when you have to ride them, and I remember what the late Jim Goater once said to me about Rayon d'Or. I have a fancy that, badly as he disgraced himself last week, the son of Martagon will do better on the Doncastef Town Moor than some people may think now.

If this year's Goodwood Plate was a poor affair, what shall we say of the Cup? Better than a walk over, as was the case two years ago; and that is all. Shannon, Favonius, Doncaster, Hampton, Isonomy, St. Simon, and now King's Messenger, bought out of a selling race at this very meeting last year. Alas! what a falling off. St. Cloud II. is too heavily built to stay, Carlton Grange has done badly this season, Pie Powder could hardly be expected to win a race of this class, and Galatia is too uncertain to trust. Such was the field. In a miserably slow-run race, one after another showed in front, until Pie Powder deprived St. Cloud II. of the command entering the rails. At the distance, King's Messenger, who had been nicely waited with, made his effort, and won by a length. The best race of the day was that between Eventail, St. Gris, and Musa for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. It was a desperately near thing the Prince's filly just beating St. Gris by a head, and Musa being only a neck behind the pair. St. Gris is evidently coming on fast, as I wrote in these notes some time ago that he would.

Winners bred by Mr. H. Waring are constantly cropping up, and Side-light, who won the first race of the afternoon, is the filly by Buccaneer—Comette of whom I wrote favourably in these columns when I saw her as a yearling at the Beenham Stud last year, and who subsequently made 290 guineas at the sale of Mr. Waring's yearlings at Ascot.

At last General Peace has rewarded the confidence of his followers. Starting first favourite for the Visitors' Plate on the last day of the meeting, he won by a neck from Ind, and having broken the ice he may perhaps go on winning races now. Everyone was glad to see Captain Bewicke's stable have such a good week. A very unlucky three year old is Sir Blundell Maple's charming filly, Nun Nicer, and although in the Nassau Stakes she turned the tables on Orpah—who beat her at Sandown Park, but may not have been quite at her best on Friday last—she failed to give the weight, 17lb., to the American filly, Chinook, by Sensation—Breeze. For the principal event of the day, the Chesterfield Cup, Prince Barcaldine was made favourite, and Labrador was well supported at 3 to 1. It is



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IN THE SHADE.

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THE WINNER OF THE STEWARDS' CUP.

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never wise to back anything coming from a stable where there are others coughing, as is the case at Kingsclere, and the Duke of Westminster's five year old, who was never in the hunt, cannot have shown his true form. At the distance St. Cloud II. looked like winning, but was promptly collared by Chaleureux, who soon got the best of him, and won by a length. The winner's sire, Goodfellow, is by Barcaldine out of Ravissante, and it is worth noticing that he is four times inbred to Birdcatcher, thrice through his sire and once on his dam's side. Chaleureux's dam, L'Ete, has two strains of Voltaire to nick with the one in Goodfellow, so that he represents the combination of Blacklock and Birdcatcher blood, which was so successful all the week.

OUTPOST.



THE *Academy*, far and away the most readable of the literary papers, has a pleasant article upon a practical subject in its latest issue. Very few of us, I fear, take much thought of making provision for literary food when we go holiday-making, and the places to which we go are often remote from all chances of obtaining books. Yet there is nothing which adds so much to the pleasures of a holiday as a small but well chosen collection of books; for a holiday is not all sunshine, and when the storm-driven rain sweeps across the moor, when the sodden partridges hide themselves so closely that they can by no means be discovered, then the possessor of books is in great request.

Of what shall the library of Corydon—that "Corydon" is a trifle fantastic—consist? That is the question which Mr. Lewis Hind's contributor essays to answer, limiting the book-box to twenty volumes. They are "As You Like It," "The Antiquary," "The Lady of Shalott and Other Poems" (including the "Lotus Eaters"), Herrick's "Hesperides," the "Poems" of Keats, George Herbert's "The Temple," Locker Lampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum," the "Canterbury Tales," Blake's "Songs of Innocence," the "Faerie Queene," "Tom Jones," "Humphrey Clinker," "Clarissa Harlowe," "Pride and Prejudice," "Silas Marner," some book of ballads, "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Lorna Doone," Stevenson's "Merry Men," and the "Essays of Elia."

Now against the prose part of this list there is nothing to be urged. One wants "plenty of reading" in the book which is to make one forget grouse or partridge or the windbound yacht. Therefore the wanderer will be well advised to eschew the writers of modern fiction, who, for the most part, produce their works on contract and by no means give full measure running over to the purchasing publisher. Moreover, in most cases the old writers are the best, and few men and women, among many who talk of them, possess that familiarity with them to which they pretend. But, from the practical point of view, the object being to suggest to travellers what they will enjoy rather than what they ought to enjoy, there is too much poetry in this list. It may be

unutterably sad, but it is the fact that the shelves in the library, in country house or in town, on which the volumes of poetry repose are less disturbed than any save those which are theological. For my part—bearing in mind the fact that men and women know their favourite poems off by heart—I would eliminate all the verse, save Shakespeare, in one volume, and Herrick and the "Canterbury Tales"; I would add Matthew Arnold's poems, which are less known than they ought to be. That would leave to me some places in the book-box. I would fill them with Sir Thomas Malory, a Baconian collection with as much as possible in one volume, Borrow's Bible in Spain, White's "Natural History of Selborne," "Vanity Fair," "Pickwick," "Tristram Shandy," one or more of John Galt's novels, and so forth. Of course if one wanted to improve oneself it would be another matter; but persons who desire to improve themselves are those whom one does not desire to meet a second time; others, natural and normal men, do not as a rule read poetry at all, nor verse, unless it is funny.

It is good news that Mr. John Bickerdyke, fisherman and man of letters, will publish almost immediately, through Mr. Horace Cox, a volume entitled "Practical Letters to Young Sea-Fishers." No book could be more timely in its appearance, no man could write on the subject with more pleasant authority than Mr. Bickerdyke. His book will be none the worse for its chapters on boat-sailing and the saving of life at sea, for to be able to sail a boat well is the true condition precedent to the enjoyment of sea-fishing, and, if men will try to sail a boat without knowledge, it is useful to know how to save life at sea, for the knowledge is liable to be called upon.

So Mr. Aeneas Mackay's rare work on "Scottish Woodwork" is to be reprinted, which, as the original copies are now worth £7 apiece, is good hearing. Ancient woodwork, English, Irish, and Welsh, is well worthy to be studied, and it would be an excellent thing if the care expended upon the Scottish section of the subject by Mr. Mackay could be expended on the woodwork of England, Ireland, and Wales. The old Welsh cabinets, in particular, repay study, and are a joy to the collector.

Quite funny is the mistake which many literary note-writers have made concerning Mr. Rider Haggard's forthcoming book, "A Farmer's Year." They have assumed that the author of "She," and all the rest of the stirring books, was a novelist and nothing more. He is also, however, a keen farmer, who has written some excellent letters on agriculture to the *Times*. This book of his is to be a truthful record of a farmer's experiences for a year, and as such it may easily give us much of comedy and of tragedy also.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Leo Tolstoy—the Grand Mujik." G. H. Perris. (Unwin.)
- "Modern French Drama." Augustin Filon. Translated by Janet Hogarth. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Rupert of Hentzau." Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith.)
- "Cuba Past and Present." R. Davey. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Entanglements." Francis Prevost. (Service and Paton.)
- "Miss Tod and Her Prophets." Miss. Hugh Bell. (Bentley.)

LOOKER-ON.



"OUR BOYS" "dates," but it doesn't die. And I do not think it will die so long as human nature is the quintessential of a play. Is it a classic? What is a classic? Thucydides defined it as "a possession for ever." Roughly, a classic is the best expression of a given theme. Is "Our Boys" that? Hardly. It is clever, amusing, capably constructed, and not a "note"—of its day—rings false. Add that its theme concerns itself with those primordial emotions that are the very bed-rock of our natures—the love of a father for his son, the devotion of a man to his "pal," the insistence on that fine theme—(1) with the fathers, (2) with the "boys"—that love breaks all barriers, throws all "form," irradiates the most unlovely of us all. When criticism has had its last word to say about "Our Boys," the fact remains that H. J. Byron's masterpiece was a fine bit of human nature. And he never missed fire. His appeal is cogent and direct. He surprises the heart in a hundred ways, touches its secret springs, disengages its locked emotions, stirs it to the divinest tumult. Byron does all that. Let us freely, cheerfully, gratefully concede it. He even fulfils in this play the true function of tragedy—the Aristotelian *katharsis*—the "purging" of the emotions with pity. Byron is all on the side of the angels, and only loves men when he has caught them in the melting mood. Herein, of course, is his pitfall. He wanted what Bacon calls "dry light." His eyes were always glistening with sympathetic tears, and he couldn't see the *mundanes* clearly for the film. Take Act I. of "Our Boys." Enter Sir Geoffrey Champneys. "Poker-back," says the butlerman. Byron is all butlerman. He says "poker-back"—plays on the word until it becomes a sort of abracadabra. Byron, you see, is chaffing Sir Geoffrey "out of his boots." He is going to have fine fun with old poker-back. He'll show him what he thinks of human nature made in a smoking-room in Pall Mall, he will! Quip and jest and palaeolithic fun—gracious, how we are laughing at old poker-back! But observe what is happening to Byron. Sir Geoffrey becomes old "poker-back," and we know no more about the man's real *ethos* than we do about his club subscriptions. He is a lay figure—prick him and you'll get a heap of sawdust. There never was such an aristocrat on the earth, or under the earth, or in the waters under the earth. Sir Geoffrey in Act I. is like nothing in nature. Nor his son neither. Byron cared nothing for that—in Act I. He wanted a foil for his friend the butlerman, and when he was tying his scarf one fine morning he hit on "poker-back" as an epithet. That queered Act I. of "Our Boys."

But even "poker-back" wouldn't carry Byron any farther, and so when he has ridden his pleasantry through one "laughable" act, he settles down to business, deepens his light and shade, and works steadily, carefully, cleverly to a climax, admirably

"prepared," and "brought off" with consummate dexterity in his finale. For that there is nothing but Pinero's tripled "praise." So much then for his scheme. Now for his outlook. I have said "Our Boys" "dates"—that is why it is really not a classic. "Romeo and Juliet" does not "date." "Hamlet" is as modern "Gyp's" "Loulou." The wail of storm-tossed Lear is still a heart-cry in the Marylebone Road. These are eternal things—the "possessions for ever." In its outlook, then, "Our Boys" is not of to-day. You want to put in some "rebutting evidence"—that times have changed, that the aristocrat has been gradually going under, and that the butlerman in the insistent rise of democracy is the hero of the moment, and his wife the *châtelaine* who feeds all Debrett in Park Lane—giving the mode with the Moselle. Agreed. Well, circumstances, environment, views have been somewhat modified since the tragedy at Denmark. Yet Hamlet voices us in everything to-day. He is as neurotic as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Harley Street flourishes on such temperaments as his. The difference is that Hamlet called himself "pigeon-livered," and the gentlemen with the alphabet at the end of their names write down "Neurasthenia." What then is the explanation? Why "poker-back"? That was all Byron saw of the aristocrat, *qua* aristocrat. He detected nothing in the butlerman but a big heart and a need for h's. Nothing in the girls but jealousy and swift forgiveness. The fact is, Byron with his superb foundation, his healthy instincts, his sunny good nature, and his quick eye for what would "go," carried everything before him. But of the mosaic of character, its warp and woof, its zigzag streaks, its eternal contradictions, he knew nothing; or if he did he sacrificed his knowledge to a vigorous unity of impression. Which means that up to a certain point the clever man may look for success—great and enduring—for fame, for the halo which a delighted country will gladly reserve for the man who has touched its heart and stirred its imagination. But beyond this point is the mazy, unmapped land of meticulous detail, stippled shading, microscopic mosaic. It is only the men of all time who thread their way successfully here. These are the men we call our geniuses, and their works we call our classics. Byron, in fine, wrote a clever play, a beautiful play, and, if you like, a great play. But Byron was "not a genius," and "Our Boys" is not a classic.

No fault, I think, can be found with the charming revival of the play at Terry's. Mr. Thomas Thorne is interesting and delightful as Perkyn Middlewick, Mr. John Beauchamp is sufficiently "poker-back" as Sir Geoffrey, while Mr. S. Cosby, Mr. F. Gillmore—excellent these last two—Miss Esmé Beringer—an adorable creature—Miss Lucie Milner, and Miss Emily Thorne are all excellent in their several ways. Miss Mary Jocelyn offers a delightfully unforced study of the poor little drudge, Belinda.

LA GRANDE SARAH, with her retinue, her regal pageantry, her innumerable trunks, her golden voice, the witchery that still keeps all London, all Paris, all the world at her feet—grandmother as she is—is on the road to Belleisle-en-Mer, and the most famous, if not the greatest, actress of the day goes a holiday-making. She must need it. Bazaars in the morning, matinées in the afternoon, the footlights at eight, the banquet at night, with all that is best in London clinking its champagne glasses in her honour—these must have tired this extraordinary woman and sent her to the blue waters of Belleisle a wreck. Perhaps. But nothing seems to wear her out. She has found the real "Beauty Stone" and got perpetual health, and Time, the oldest of her adorers, has passed her with a compliment. What is the explanation of it all? How

does she ward off the wrinkles and keep age at bay? She tells us she never thinks—she acts. She is the embodiment of the business habit, and she "joins her flats." That was the Gladstonian secret, and it kept him a youth at 80. Sarah turns from one job to another and avoids the megrims. She lives every moment, and lives a bustling, crowded, tumultuous life. Economy means thought, so Sarah buys twenty bonnets in a walk down Regent Street or the Rue de la Paix. When money is exhausted she can earn more. When that is gone she can ride full tilt for Marli-le-roi, and Sarah and Sardou will devise new fortunes and build new worlds. Observe the lesson of it all. Good-bye to the critical mood, the thoughtful moment, the nimini-pimini of the contemplative mind! Sarah is perpetually "in the train," as her compatriots say, whirling from fever to fever, and it keeps her a girl. She is always on the go, and that is what keeps her going. It is a magnificent creature!

But that is not all. She has the rude health of the flamboyant egotist. Do not suppose I use the word disparagingly. The work of the world is done by the egotists. Sarah merely "abounds in her own sense." She adopts the fine Virgilian motto, "They can conquer who believe they can." No one believes in Sarah as Sarah believes in her, and she has conquered all her worlds. And with what results? Well, to discuss the Bernhardt is to tread contested ground. Her followers are idolaters, and our faiths are sacred things. The critic may well hold his peace as he watches the patient crowd waiting in the blazing sun of a July noon hour after hour for admission to her temple. People pay fancy prices for her old, old plays, and never grudge a sixpence. That is eloquent testimony. She remains what she was when the season of 1879 at the Gaiety placed her on her throne. She is something more than a world-famed actress—she is a monument, a "great fact," something wonderful, and, in the artist's sense, "precious," like '74 Pommery or the Pol Roger that makes a poet of the epicure.

Who is to give us "Cyrano" in English? Well, we all expected Sir Henry would do it. He bought the English rights, and he keeps, of course, all competitors at bay. From day to day news on the subject varies. And the latest advice to hand says that Sir Henry, having seen Coquelin in the part, and having already "Richard II." and "Robespierre" for new productions, feels himself precluded from producing the epic of the Gascon. Sir Henry, I fancy, too, though fascinated as we are all fascinated by this thing, recognises the possibility of the lengthy verse not "carrying" in English as it "carries" in French. But this is surely no insuperable difficulty. Let Mr. Pinero or Mr. Parker do it into prose. I take leave to think that Mr. Pinero's "Cyrano" would be a beautiful work, the work of a poet—for Pinero is no less—"a poet with" (as Mr. Archer once said) "the Dickens slop on." Mr. Parker is essentially a romanticist, and he would glory in doing his utmost for



dreaming Cyrano, Cyrano in love, Cyrano the poet, Cyrano fighting with fate, Cyrano the hero walking to ignoble death. We should miss the jester in Robertson, but do not forget that the jest is merely a *façon* with this Gascon. What of Wyndham? Remember Sir Christopher Dering in "The Liars." There you have romance and humour too. Wyndham can make love and make merry. Can you not picture Wyndham as

M. Rostand. Meanwhile who is going to play Cyrano?

Sir Henry, we'll say, is "off"—I have my doubts, but that is the latest bulletin. There is Mr. Tree—enterprising, industrious, modern Mr. Tree. Forbes Robertson is waiting in the wing. Mr. Wyndham, a yard or two off, has his eye on the manuscript which Sir Henry is conning. Robertson has all the romance for the part, the rapt air. He could give you the

Cyrano? Moreover the manager to whom Sir Henry might elect to transfer his rights would have easy work in casting the two principal characters. We have Mrs. Brown Potter, saturated with the spirit of the play, burning to do Roxane. Her colleague, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, is at hand for Christian.

True, these artists are attached to separate managements—Mrs. Potter goes to Her Majesty's and Mr. Bellew follows the Wyndham flag for Mr. Parker and Mr. Carson's new romantic play. Still dates might perhaps be arranged, and managers have a fraternal way of helping each other in these things. We ought to see "Cyrano" in English. It has grown into a cult in Paris, and Rostand has become the hero of the glittering city of pleasure. It has submerged the place in its poetic wave, and Paris—that is to say *tout Paris*—will have nothing to say to Rêjane and her "Zaza." She has filled her pockets and filled the theatre. But "Zaza," they tell me, is brutal, realistic, sordid, animal—and animalism is not the pabulum for Paris in love. Rêjane, in a word, has achieved a victory. But it is a Pyrrhic victory; another such, and she is undone. Sarah—who knows everything—knows that Rostand has touched the hearts of her countrymen, and she commissioned him at once for "Aiglon." The latest advices on that, however, point to friction between the poet and the actress. It may merely mean that Sarah has discovered a new *reclame*. She will hardly let Rostand go for a whim.

Mr. Frederick Corder, who will be responsible for the elaborate music of "The Termagant," to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre by Miss Olga Nethersole, has had a varied experience. Coming of an artistic, literary, and theatrical family, he took to the study of music rather later in life than is usual, and at the

age of twenty-one entered the Royal Academy of Music. After two years he gained the famous Mendelssohn Scholarship, and studied in Germany and Italy for four years. On returning he had a hard struggle for existence for some time. He was then appointed conductor to the concerts at the Brighton Aquarium, and filled in the time with teaching and translating for publishers. He did much journalistic and literary work for bread and butter while pursuing the quite unremunerative career of a high-class composer. In 1888 he was appointed Professor of Composition at the R.A.M., and two years later was made Curator of that institution.

Mr. Corder has composed several successful little operettas, and the romantic opera "Nordica," which was for some years a very popular work in the repertoire of the Carl Rosa Company. The composer is his own librettist, and has had considerable experience of the stage. Other important works are the cantatas "The Bridal of Triermain" and "The Sword of Argantyr." A striking dramatic piece for orchestra, illustrating Browning's poem, "Pippa passes," made considerable impression at a concert of the Philharmonic Society lately. Though opportunities have been few, Mr. Corder



W. and D. Downey.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

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considers dramatic music to be his only genuine vocation. His personal tastes and hobbies are exceedingly varied, including as they do amateur cabinet-making, book-binding, chess, book collecting, and pedestrianism. He is married, and has a son of nineteen who promises to continue the family traditions.

ON THE GREEN.

ALL the golfing interest of these summer days, for summer really does seem to have found its way to us at last, is taken up with Vardon, Taylor, Braid; Braid, Taylor, Vardon; Taylor, Braid, Vardon. They go on meeting each other constantly, and constantly take different order; but it is always these three (and there are no better three) on show. There may be other good ones about—as Herd at Sherringham and Sayers at Norbury—but always it is these three musketeers that occupy the first three places. At Sherringham the order was Taylor, Vardon, Braid. At Norbury Taylor again had by a long way the best of the first round, with 72, which was two strokes better than anything; else returned all day, but in the second round he unaccountably took 83—it is said that he had very bad luck in its second half—and the conclusion was, Vardon first, with two 74's; Braid second, with 75 and 76; and Taylor third, with 72 and 83. Paxton was next, with two 81's; Thomson fifth, with two 82's; and Sayers brought up the rear—not his normal position—with 83 and 90. In a foursome match, wherein Taylor and Braid were matched against Vardon and Sayers, the former pair won by a hole. There might have been some additional interest in the match had Sayers and Braid played together, for then it would have been Scotland *versus* England.

What is spoken of as a record score, of 69, has lately been made by Mr. Ogilvy Fairlie on the course of the Bournemouth Corporation Golf Club. We had, indeed, understood that this pretty, but short, course had been holed in 64 strokes by J. H. Taylor on the occasion of the opening ceremony, when he was matched against Tom Dunn, and not unnaturally beat him by a great number of holes; and that record we had imagined to have held good ever since. But possibly there has been some lengthening of the course since that remarkable score was made, and we are especially told that Mr. Fairlie's round was played from the medal tees, which we may assume to be as far back as the course admits of their being made.

A short time ago the Royal West Norfolk Club, at Brancaster, sent out some notices of a professional scoring competition to be held very shortly on their fine green, but now we are informed that that proposed competition is put off—*sine die*, so far as we can perceive, and without any special reason assigned. It will be a pity if the committee cannot arrange some such attraction, to draw attention to a green that is second to none in the severity of the test that it provides of the best golf, but which lies out of the beaten track, in that north-west corner of Norfolk, and is consequently less well known than it deserves.

FROM THE PAVILION.

DR. GRACE was in great form in what we may call his Jubilee Week, and that form was thrown into all the brighter relief by the sufferings of his side in the following week, when Ajax remained in his tent, not sulking like the classic hero, but rather more Achilles-like, nursing a bruised heel, and taking a well-deserved rest. And, unfortunately, in taking his rest, he left his county in rather severe hands to start with—in the hands of Yorkshire. And Yorkshire did not deal very gently with them. It has not been Yorkshire's way to deal gently this year with any opponent, unless we except Kent. Mr. Jackson was in form, and that means mischief. It meant mischief for Gloucestershire to the extent of 160 runs. The other bats did nothing notable, but the whole was enough—331. It was enough to confine such interest as there was in the match to the question whether or no Gloucestershire would save the single innings beating. Fifty-seven by Mr. Champain, and 49 by Mr. Henningway, were the best batting things in a first innings which realised 132 runs, Rhodes taking six wickets. But the second innings of Gloucestershire was absolutely without a merit—without a double-figure score, save Mr. Brown's 11—with one very notable exception. Mr. Sewell, going in first and playing right through the innings while wickets were falling like nine-pins, scored 88, and was not out, of a total of 127.

Hayward played a very fine innings of 101 for Surrey against Kent—a faultless innings, with fine punishing power on the off side—and with some useful items from Holland, Lockwood, Baldwin, and Wood, the total came to 290, heading Kent's useful score, made up by steady scoring all down the list, by 13 runs. But in the second innings, Lockwood and Brockwell met with little real opposition, except for a finely-played 45 by Mr. Burnup, until Mr. Marchant, Wright, and Martin appeared at the wickets. Martin has improved enormously as a bat in the last few years, and is now an exceedingly useful man. It may be said that his batting in the Surrey match was the salvation of the men of Kent, for he followed up 56 in the first innings with a 34 not out in the second, and so, with the aid of Mr. Marchant's and Wright's contributions, put a better complexion on Kent's prospects than they had seemed at all likely to assume at one point of the innings. After Surrey's second innings had made a little progress a thunder-shower came down that settled the result of the match inevitably as a draw. With all this notable improvement in his batting, Martin remains the useful bowler he has always been.

Mr. Fry has always seemed fond of the Middlesex bowling. There is no doubt that he, like Martin, is a greatly-improved bat, but he was a far better bat than the other at the date from which his improvement started. Be that as it may, he has never done anything as good as his work in the latest Middlesex and Sussex match, when he scored over 100 in each innings, and was not out when his county "declared." Going in a second time, Middlesex did not show up too well. Mr. Stoddart made 40 odd, and Mr. Ford 36, but with a little licence given by the rain, and with Rawlin playing steadily, they did little more than last out time, and the match was left drawn. That twenty minutes' pause while the shower lasted was useful to them; but, on the other hand, they were batting in a poor light, which might have accounted for the loss of a wicket or two. The great achievement of the match was, of course, Mr. Fry's. Double centuries scored in first-class cricket may be reckoned on the fingers, with a digit or two left over for future use.

Again one has to commiserate Somersetshire, for it is always hard lines to lose after making over 300, as she did against Lancashire. The match was

interesting. It was not impossible at one time that Somersetshire might win, although Mr. Woods, scoring in his own plucky manner just when runs were most wanted, was the only considerable scorer in Somerset's second innings. But fine as his half-century was, it was not good enough. Frank Sugg and Mr. Eccles—the latter fine young bat with 41, not out—made matters quite safe for Lancashire, who won the match by five wickets.

And it was a little hard, too, on Hampshire to be beaten, and to be beaten very nearly in one innings, after scoring close on 300 at the first attempt. True, that score was mainly the work of Mr. Hill and Major Poore, with a century each. Add to that Captain Quinton's 42, not out, and the balance to be divided between the remainder is not heavy. Russell's not-out innings of 122 was the largest factor in the big score and the victory of the winners.

Warwickshire never looked like being beaten in their Derbyshire match, in which Mr. Evershed scored a fine century and a-half for the latter side. On the other hand, Warwickshire did not have a chance of making the 293 which they wanted to win, with three hours in which to make them. The result had the match been finished was doubtful enough, for with four good wickets gone Warwickshire had scored 173 good runs, and the balance of the team might quite well have been good for the balance of runs, or again, they quite well might not.

But, after all the fine scoring, we have nothing more full of promise, and indeed of finished execution, than Mr. Spooner's innings for Marlborough against Rugby at Lord's. He dealt with all the bowling with most perfect ease and with great power, for a boy, getting well out to the pitch of a great proportion of the balls. If we do not hear a deal more of Mr. Spooner, appearances must be very disappointing.

LONG-SLIP.



MONDAY: I think I shall let myself out as a professional guest. I am convinced I am a pleasant companion, singularly sympathetic in my habits, and Evelyn says she is quite sure I have a suspicion that I am decorative which reminds me very much of a story of an aunt of mine who brought up a very troublesome niece, who had a habit of saying to her whenever she contradicted her, "And you think yourself such a beauty," which immediately told her what she was thinking, and was flattery of a most insinuating description. I do not



HAT WITH SHADED PINK WINGS AND RED ROSES

exactly think that I am decorative, but I am sure Evelyn will miss me when I leave the dusty joys of Maidenhead and go up to Goring.

To-night we went for a long bicycle ride in the moonlight. The roads here are lovely, and the trees frame them with sufficient mystery. Evelyn is surrounded by members of her husband's family to whom she pays devoted attention, and she insisted on my getting up early this morning to give her brother-in-law his breakfast before he went up to town. People on a visit

in the country should not go up to town by nine o'clock trains—it is an outrage upon their hostess, to say nothing of their hostess's friends.

There seems to be no fashion in my neighbourhood save the white linen skirt. Some are well cut and some are ill cut, some as unmistakably cost 7s. 11d. as others reveal an expenditure of three guineas. There are some enterprising young women here wearing white linen hats with stitched brims, soft crowns tied round with black ribbons. These have a rakish air, but are not unbecoming. If the idea were only taken up by a good milliner, and white linen hats properly made of different shapes with stiff brims and coloured ribbons, they would be a boon and a blessing, being as simple as the sailor hat, lighter to wear, and pre-eminently appropriate to the linen skirt.

Evelyn's little boy is a wonderful child, born to have his observations valued at two guineas an anecdote in *Truth*. He has just



EVENING DRESS IN PALE PINK CREPE DE CHINE.

insisted on my interviewing a doll of his lying in a box with a hook at the side of it, while he told me gravely that this hook was to hang dollie up in Heaven when she died. Having been told that all the dead people go to Heaven, he cannot see how they could remain in the sky unless they are hooked up. Children are wonderful things—I wish I had more time to become intimate with them.

WEDNESDAY: A letter from Carlsbad, which, containing as it does a few gleanings from Fashion, shall be given to the world at large:—

“Carlsbad has just recovered from a week of bad weather. We are sufficiently merry but not boisterously so, and there are only two styles prominently adopted by the modish woman, white coats and skirts of linen or flannel sharing favour with white or checked skirts worn with red coats. The red coat is the most conspicuous novelty, and most attractive it is. A

young girl in the hotel here excites my admiration in a white drill skirt with a bright red short cloth coat, a white Panama hat enveloped in soft chiffon, a white batiste shirt with a red and white tie, and she carries a red and white checked parasol.

“In the evening everybody seems to wear a black lace dress lined with white, and at the moment everybody seems to be Viennese, which means that all the women have excellent figures, and their coats fit into their waists with a nattiness pre-eminently alluring. The hats which turn up in the front are yielding place to those which turn down, and the wings and feathers which decorate them invariably show splashes or spots of black. There are foulard gowns about, but they are not particularly pretty, one of red and white being the only exception to the rule of the uninteresting. This is trimmed with frills of white lisse hemmed with black baby ribbon. A green and white canvas, made with a triple skirt hemmed with lace, and large lace collars round the shoulders of the pouched bodice, is worthy of admiration, and the hat, which you might easily copy should the description appeal to you as much as the hat itself did to me, is of the sailor shape, made of white Tuscan hemmed with black velvet, with the crown encircled with a wreath of red and black and white currants, tied at one side with a Louis Seize bow of narrow black velvet ribbon.

“And this is all I know about fashion to-day in Carlsbad, and I am always your friend—C.”

THURSDAY: Up to town I travelled to a garden-party to-day, where the hostess was inhospitable enough to eclipse the costumes of most of her guests by her dress of biscuit-coloured cloth, with a black appliqué up the skirt and on the bodice, which was further decorated with a gathered yoke and sleeves of some diaphanous black stuff. She looked charming, and so did the garden, arranged at the furthest end with banks of flowers, lilies, and palms, as a stage for Evelyn Sharp's play, “A Green Enchantress.” Evelyn Sharp is a very clever girl, whose books and short sketches have invariably that touch of humour which makes life worth living. Miss Adrienne Dairolles directed the play, and played the principal part in her own specially fascinating manner. But, alas! for the weather, it steadily poured on the devoted heads of the actors and actresses from the moment of their entrance to the moment of their exit, which took place in a veritable deluge. And after the deluge we crowded together in an attractive tent, and devoted ourselves to the devouring of monstrous strawberries and a gentle abuse of the English climate.

FRIDAY: I have arrived at Goring. Mrs. L—— met me at the station, looking bright, brown, and very happy. I was enterprising enough to permit her to drive me in her dog-cart, and yet I live to tell the tale. She has a lovely house here, built in quadrangle style, with a huge tree in the centre of the court-yard, old stone fire-places suggesting Germany, and chestnut trees and gooseberry bushes essentially English. We had dinner in a long room with appropriately hospitable mottoes on the walls, and took our coffee out on the verandah, where we had a view of the hills turning from green to blue and purple in the evening light. I wanted to talk sunsets and scenery, but Mrs. L—— made me consider the superior usefulness of clothes, and told me of some new shirts she had just had from Paris, made of buff and white washing silk, that she is to wear with a turn-down collar of white, with black belts and ties. Furthermore, she invited my attention to her Inverness cape of drab covert coating, lined with silk to match, and showed me her latest extravagance in petticoats made of fine lawn, much flounced with Valenciennes lace, and insertions of thick embroidery laid over the lace in a manner rather novel and distinctly attractive. I could not find a sympathetic soul to wander down to the river and see the mist rise up over the rushes, but they promised me to give due attention to my yearnings after the beauties of Nature to-morrow morning, so I sighed regretfully, and later they smiled appreciatively while I showed them the pictures my artist had sent me from town. The one is a pretty toque, with shaded pink wings and red roses to decorate it. Toques are the most comfortable of all hats, I think. They will amiably remain in the place where you pin them, even under the severest pressure of wind and lounging. It is not really comfortable to lie flat on your back in a punt or on the green sward, as the poet would have it, if you are wearing a sailor hat, the edge of the brim having an unpleasant habit of asserting its right to exist. A tendency to individuality in our garments must not be tolerated.

The other sketch is an evening dress in pale pink crêpe de chine, with an appliqué of lace all over the hips and the bodice, a pink velvet sash round the waist, and a soft fichu of lace caught on the shoulders and at one side of the bodice with a bunch of pale pink roses.

And then I sat and looked out of the window at the Evening Star blinking at its sisters, and went to bed feeling more conscious than ever that the man who wrote “God made the country and man the town” had wisdom in his epigram.